The Bystander. No. 34. Vol. III. WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1904

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THE BYSTANDER

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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 34.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 27, 1904 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Marie Studholme

Mr. Stead's determination to take to theatre-going in the guise of a critic has already borne fruit. He opens his campaign with his impressions of the young man who goes demented over pretty actresses. Miss Marie Studholme, when asked for her views on the question, confided to the "Evening News" that "she never takes anything seriously in July." We sympathise with her

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

July 27, 1904

It was my privilege to be present at the Guildhall last week when the freedom of the City of London was presented to our Indian Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston. It is not always that one can cordially approve of those upon whom the City Fathers lavish their favours, but in this case no one can deny that the honour is fully deserved. His Excellency is not only one of the most picturesque personalities in our public life, but he is a man who can look back with pride on really great achievements. He is yet hardly in the prime of life, but were his life-work accomplished one would feel his services in the cause of our great Empire were deserving of a niche in the Halls of Fame.

In the course of an ornate and fascinating oration, admirably suited to the occasion, the Viceroy spoke of the tremendous responsibilities that face the Government of India, and the astounding ignorance of Englishmen generally with regard to this great Dependency. Hindustan contains 300 millions of inhabitants, and is, indeed, a continent peopled with races "that are as different from each other as the Esquimaux is from the Spaniard, or the Irishman from the Turk, with creeds that range between the extreme points of the basest animalism on the one hand, and the most exalted metaphysics on the other; with standards of life that cover the whole space between barbarism and civilisation." India, in short, hums with complex problems, and yet how many even well-informed people could give an intelligent account of what has taken place in its vast area during, say, the last half-dozen years?

Nevertheless, it has been a period of anxiety. Frontier wars have broken out which the Liberal Press in this country, with a happy ignorance of the exigencies leading up to them, has stigmatised as wasteful and wanton; using, indeed, every expletive that journalistic energy has in stock, for exploits of which it knows nothing, but of which it constitutionally disapproves. Famine has been rampant to such an extent that six million natives have, at one time, been employed upon relief works, owing to the failure of the monsoons. The plague, imported originally, it is believed, from the Far East, has carried off hundreds of thousands of victims in spite of the efforts of the best medical authorities, and even now defies them. But under Lord Curzon's administration no effort has been spared to alleviate the burdens of the millions who claim the same Monarch and the same flag as ourselves.

A policy of irrigation has been to the front, and before many years we may hope the days of famine will be a thing of the past. European ideas of cleanliness and improved methods of housing are being advanced to exterminate that worst of all evils—pestilence. Economically, India has been placed on a sounder basis by the introduction of a gold standard, and, as a consequence, trade is improving. The Indian Budget shows a surplus on the right side, and in every way one looks at the administration of our great Eastern Empire, the outlook is not only hopeful, but cheering.

Another point that is not greatly discussed might be mentioned here. It has been said that the natives suffer under the tyranny of British rule, and that one day there will be another uprising, beside which the terrible days in 1857 will dwarf into insignificance. I have heard Europeans say that the native would prefer Russian rule to British, and allege that the reason for this is that the Russian understands the Asiatic better than the Englishman, that the Russian mixes intimately with the native races, and intermarries with them, while the Englishman stands aloof.

This I believe—as one who has himself lived in India—to be sheer nonsense. One of the secrets of the authority the handful of Europeans succeed in retaining over the native mind is the moral prestige, which the exclusiveness of the Englishman encourages rather than dissipates. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is an adage peculiarly true in Eastern life, where caste distinctions are rigorous. The Northern tribes who have made acquaintance with both Tartar and Briton have very clear ideas of the difference between the two civilisations. In fact, those who represent the British Empire, whether it be in Government offices, administrative posts in distant stations, or in commerce, are, generally speaking, men of whom the Empire may be proud. And above all this, the native of India, whether Bengali, Goanese, or Rajput, knows that under the British rule he can obtain justice. His plea is heard and adjusted according to the best traditions of the law; add to this that the Government are making a sincere effort to combat the scourge of usury which for so long has held the masses of the population in bondage to the Marwaris or money-lenders, and one can well believe Lord Curzon's declaration that there is a steady and growing advance in the loyalty of the Indian peoples. A just, firm, and temperate rule breeds loyalty, and it is thus Lord Curzon reaps his reward, and the Empire is solidified.

The Bystander in Parliament

THE DECLINE OF INVECTIVE IN THE HOUSE

"I fear we are becoming decadent," said a gloomy member of Parliament to me the other day; "we are losing the manly virtue of saying just what we think and doing what we like." I agreed that if men were to say what they thought about each other, some increase of liveliness might ensue, but the rules of order would be broken. "Order!" he exclaimed petulantly, "it's all order in these days. If ever I try to speak, there is a chorus of 'Order!' from all parts of the House. I'm sick of order."

"Order is Heaven's first law," I remarked, and my hon. friend retorted, with some effect, that the House of Commons is not Heaven, or anything like it. He went on to complain that this devotion to order took all the "go" out of modern oratory. "Give me the old days," he exclaimed; "by the way, did you ever hear of Mr. Martin, of Galway?" I admitted that I had not, and my hon. friend burst into a rhapsody about Martin, whose oratorical style he preferred to that of Pitt or Burke.

"Let me give you a sample" he continued, and I prepared myself to listen, as he produced a little pocket-book and turned up a favourite passage. It seems that Mr. Martin was a member of the Irish Parliament, and was much inflamed against a certain Ponsonby, who was also a member of the same honourable House. On one occasion Martin was denouncing Ponsonby, and he observed that Ponsonby's sister was in the gallery laughing with scorn, and this caused Martin to indulge in a burst of Parliamentary rhetoric, which my friend still regards as unrivalled.

He read the passage with appropriate gesture:

> These Ponsonbys are the curse of my country—from that toothless old hag who is now grinning in the Gallery to the white-livered scoundrel who is now shivering on the floor.

"There's a swing and a sweep about that which I like," he said, repeating the words with gusto. "I look on it as a gem of parliamentary style. Disraeli said that invective was the ornament of debate—now Martin's oratory was distinctly ornamental—"toothless old hag" and "white-livered scoundrel"—superb!

Sir Edward Coke also took my friend's fancy. "We have all heard of Coke upon Lyttleton," he said, "but what about Coke on Sir Walter Raleigh?" I admitted that I had no acquaintance with the subject, so once more he quoted with emphatic approval, "Traitor, monster, viper and spider of hell," words which he repeated two or three times. "Now if I said all that, or any part of it, about any member to-day there would be trouble," he added sadly—nor could I deny that such a consequence would be probable. At the same time I encouraged him to try, just to test the point.

"Those old boys had many privileges which are denied to us," he went on. "Look at this Standing Order, agreed to in the middle of the seventeenth century:

> Ordered, that no member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the House.

From this it will be seen that at one time the humane and reasonable custom of smoking in the House prevailed. In those days the House was not only free, but also free and easy; but who dares to smoke now?"

Intimately associated with this is the question of the privileges of Parliament. The House, having ceased to be attractive, its members no longer inspire that feeling of awe which once protected the faithful Commons. The other day Mr. Louis Sinclair drove his motor-car on the wrong side of a street refuge. He was summoned and fined, and it was in vain that he assured the magistrate that the privilege of Parliament entitled him to drive where he liked, going to and from the House. What would Sir Edward Seymour, at one time Speaker, have said in such a case?

I cannot answer the question precisely, but here is an anecdote about Sir Edward's prowess:

> When the carriage broke down one day at Charing Cross, he said to his beadles, "Stop the next gentleman's coach you meet and bring it to me!"

The evicted tenant made a great noise, but the Speaker's retort was conclusive:

> "Sir, it is more proper for you to walk in the streets than the Speaker of the House of Commons."

The same rule would have justified the annexation of a hat or an umbrella, or anything else. And now poor Mr. Sinclair is treated no better than a cabman!

The poor private member, whom we tread upon, has really as much right to such privileges as Mr. Speaker has. Henry VIII. expressly laid it down that—

> Whatsoever injury is done or offered against the meanest member of the House is judged as done against our person and the whole Court of Parliament.

It is not clear who at the present time is the meanest member of Parliament; but it is evident that when Mr. Sinclair was convicted and fined, an injury was done to the whole Court of Parliament. And yet members only laughed when the aggrieved Sinclair sought to assert his privilege! It is because of these things, and because such resounding phrases as "white-livered scoundrel" and "viper of hell" no longer make the Parliamentary welkin to ring, that I agree with my gloomy friend that the House is not the place it was.

S. L. H.

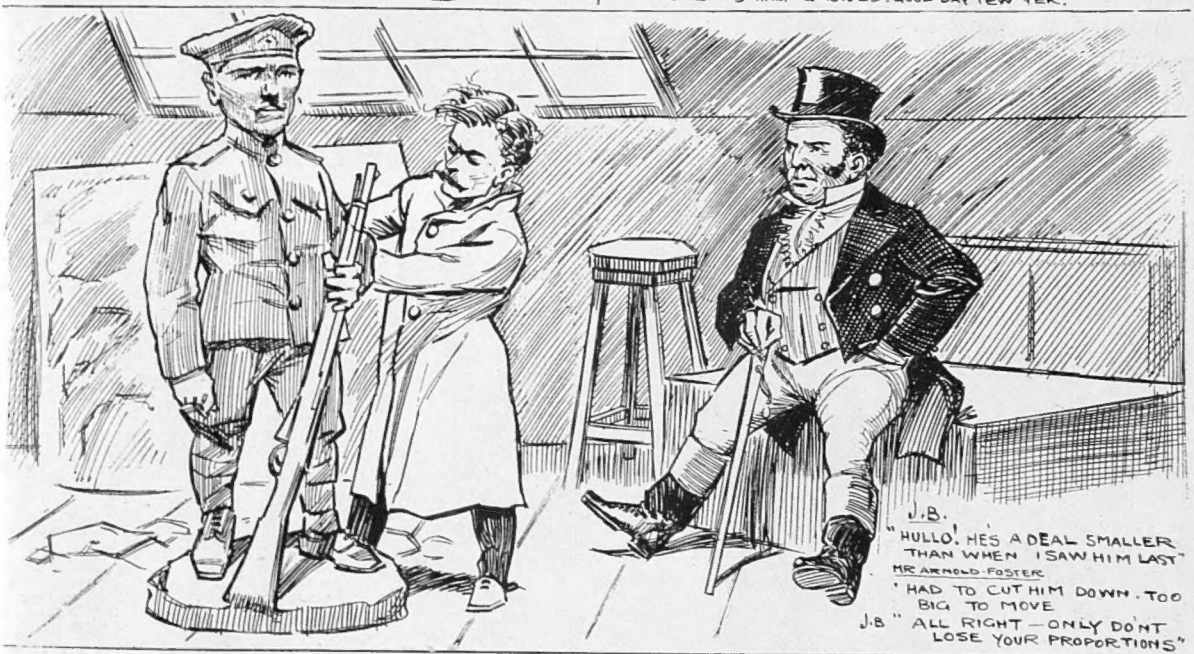
The Topictator

FATHER TIME BEGINS TO DESPAIR OF EVER BEING ABLE TO STUMP HIM

AS USUAL.

MR URBSIN RURE "DIFFERENT TO LAST YEAR—EH?"

FARMER RUS. "OO AH, BOR, A WONDERFUL DIFFERS. NO ROOTS TO SPEAK ON AN' THEM FULL O' WIRE WURRUMS. CORN A RIPENIN' AFORE ITS HALF GROWED. GOOD DAY TEW YER."

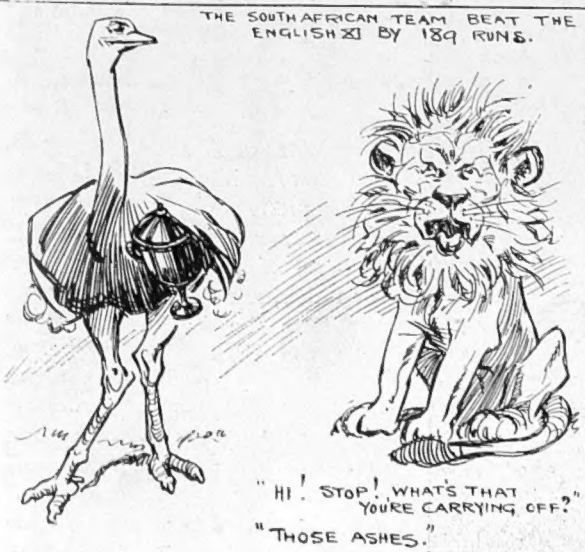


J.B. "HULLO! HE'S A DEAL SMALLER THAN WHEN I SAW HIM LAST"

MR ARNOLD-FOSTER 'HAD TO CUT HIM DOWN. TOO BIG TO MOVE

J.B " ALL RIGHT—ONLY DON'T LOSE YOUR PROPORTIONS"

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM BEAT THE ENGLISH XI BY 189 RUNS.



"HI! STOP! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE CARRYING OFF?"

"THOSE ASHES."

EXCUSE US

F.G.

The Grand Duke Boris

The recall of the young Grand Duke Boris from the Far East is only the last of a series of disciplinary measures which began when His Highness was in his cradle. He has always been difficult to handle; but the most famous of all his escapades was his visit to the United States last year. The story of the dinner he gave to certain ladies of the theatre at Chicago, and of his drinking the health of one damsel out of one of her slippers filled with champagne, went all over Europe, and had to be semi-officially denied. This was only one of many stories of his American tour. He has travelled round the world, sailed with the Khedive on his yacht, shot tigers in India and elephants in Siam, and been cordially received at the Japanese Court. He and his English secretary are understood to be preparing a book on his travels. He is an enthusiastic admirer of things English, even liking Mr. Kipling, who has certainly not courted Russian favour, and he speaks our language without a trace of accent.

Photo by *Otto*

The Grand Duke Boris of Russia

The Tsar's cousin, who has recently been recalled from the Far East

Madame Clara Butt

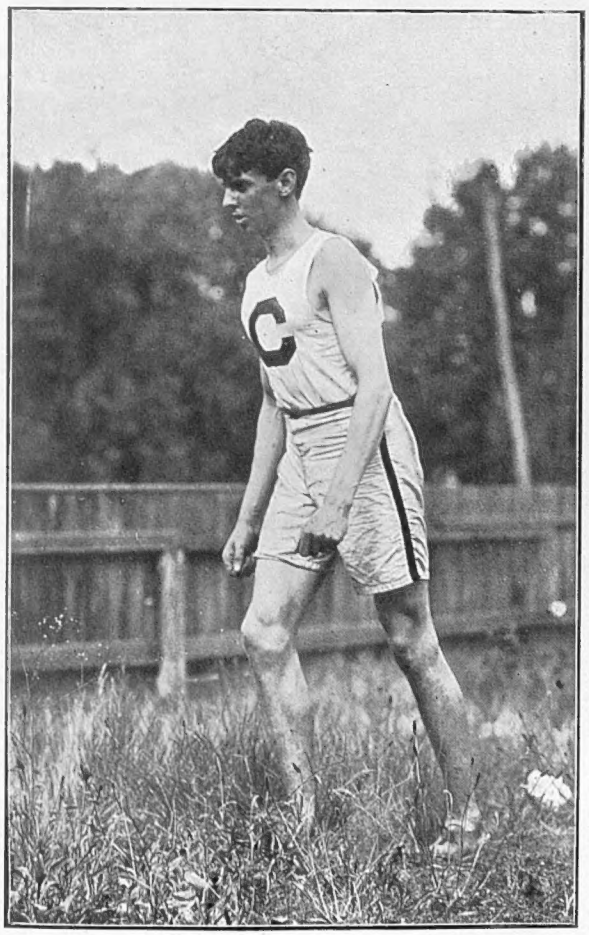
Madame Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, are nearly as busy in their home life as they are in their professional. The public little imagines how much time and care is needed before the song, so easily rendered, sounds its way into success. And, in addition to all that this preparation necessitates, there are a hundred and one things which have to be thought of by those who, like the artistes in question, are their own business managers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford have their hobbies, one of which is photography. Whether they be at Hampstead, or at the picturesque home which they have in St. Aubyn's Mansions, Hove, they are always at something, and the photograph which we publish, taken during a tour in the Black Forest, is in a double sense an illustration of the point. A curious whim of theirs, that tour, was to take photographic doubles. There are photos of Mr. Kennerley Rumford nursing himself: the one K.R. lying prone on a sofa, the other K — manly, vigorous, upright — tending him in a most masterly, or rather, nurseful fashion. Then we have the divine Clara herself telling a side-splitting joke, and the other D.C. feeble with laughter, and, for very surfeit of mirth, unable to speak. All this was effected by a quick change of position.

M. Deville

M. Deville, the President of the Paris Municipal Council, had a hard task before him when, in deference

to the unanimous votes of his colleagues, he assumed the Presidential chair. Oddly enough, while the majority in the Chamber has for some years past been a moderately Republican one, the politics of the Paris Town Council are—or were—distinctly Nationalist; Nationalist, too, with a flavour of Royalism, Imperialism, and other isms contrary to peace in a Republican town. And the majority which placed a Republican committee at the head of the affairs of Paris some months since was not a very large one, so that M. Deville, himself a moderate Republican of the same type as is the President of the Republic, has had no easy task before him. He has, however, filled it to admiration, and has almost succeeded in convincing the most refractory of his colleagues that the *rôle* of the Paris City Council is to transact city business and leave party politics alone. He has insisted on the need of asking every distinguished foreign guest to Paris to the Hôtel de Ville, no matter what the opposition papers' politics may be at the moment of that guest's visit, and has, in consequence, received a number of distinguished people, our own King being among the number. Last week the Bey of Tunis visited the Town Hall, and his name, writ large in schoolboy hand, now figures in the *livre d'or*. An illustrated account of this visit will be found in the "From Abroad" section of this issue (page 442). During the visit of the British

M. Deville
President of the Paris Municipal Council, who, with his colleagues, has been entertaining the Bey of Tunis



Warren Ellis Schutt, Cornell University, 1905
Winner of the New York State appointment for the Cecil Rhodes scholarship at Oxford

"A Brilliant Joke"
This snapshot of Mme. Clara Butt (Mrs. Kennerley Rumford) seems to have forestalled her own efforts in that direction. It was taken in the Black Forest, where she and her husband have been on tour

working men to Paris, Monsieur Deville made himself very popular with all the delegates, and one of them remarked to me, "A regular Lord Mayor, courtesy and all—that's what that Frenchman with the devilish name is."

A Singer of Note

Miss Muriel Foster is a young contralto who has, within the last year, jumped right into the foremost ranks of her profession. Her chance came when, owing to the sudden illness of Miss Marie Bruma, she, at a few days' notice, took her place both at the Worcester and Cardiff festivals. She learned the difficult music of *Samson and Delilah* in two days' time, and created an extraordinary sensation by her rendering of the exacting part of Delilah. She was a pupil, at the Royal College of Music, of Miss Anna Williams, and sang a great deal in public, while still a student. In 1902 she went on tour with Madame Albani in Canada, where she had a delightful time, the Concert-party going right across to British Columbia and penetrating a good way north into the mining towns. Miss Foster had the honour of singing before the late Queen Victoria, at Balmoral, on Her Majesty's last birthday, and on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen of Italy to this country, she sang at Windsor Castle. She has toured with great success in Germany, Russia, and Holland, and intends very shortly visiting, professionally, the United States and Canada. Her voice is very beautiful in quality; she has perfect vocalisation, and is, all round, a thorough artiste.

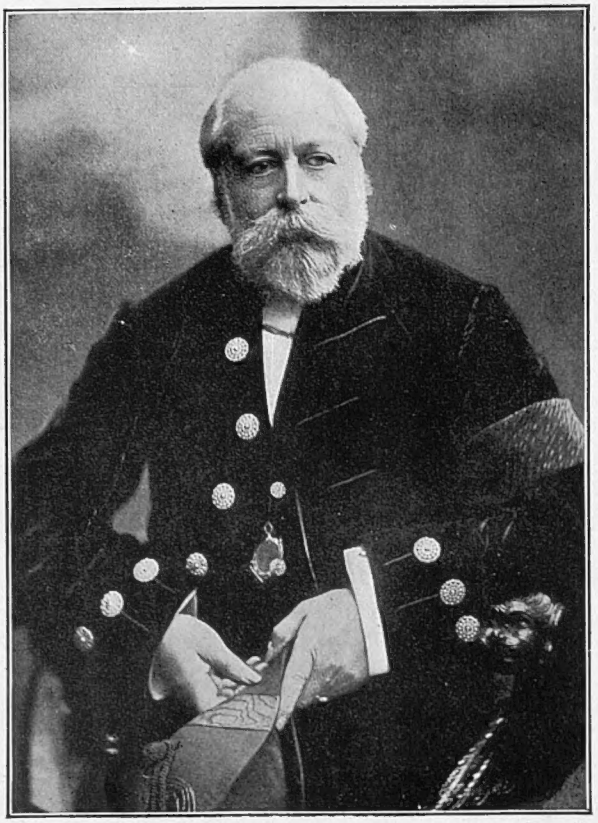


Photo by *Barnett*

Mr. G. F. Bodley, R.A.

Who will superintend the decoration of the new Liverpool Cathedral

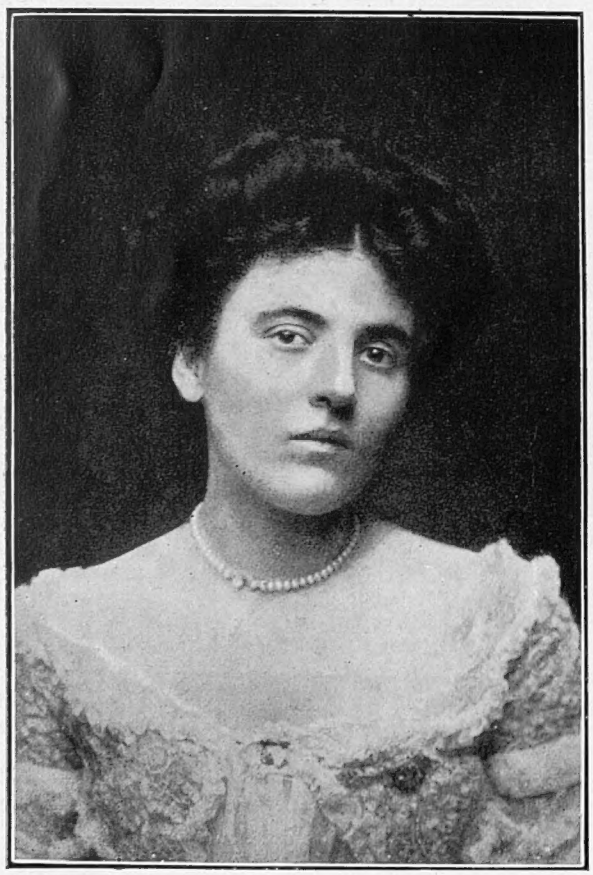


Photo by *Histed*

Miss Muriel Foster

A young contralto, who has recently joined the front ranks of her profession

Mme. Javoskaia

The celebrated Russian actress, who is indefatigable in ministering to the comforts of soldiers on their way to the front

Madame Javoskaia and Russia

Among the varied spasms of eccentric energy the war fever is bringing on in St. Petersburg, the attack of the well-known actress, Madame Javoskaïa, is most severe. This lady, with her feverish activity, keen intellect, and talent for organisation may be called a female Napoleon. She never seems to sleep or rest. A popular actress, managing her own theatre, acting every night, with a constant change of *répertoire*, rehearsing all day, leaving only a short time for meals, in which one course telescopes the other and the last morsel is finished while the maid puts on the necessary snow goloshes, whirling in a sleigh to the theatre, to sustain a fatiguing part in a four-act play of her husband's, Prince Bariatinsky, the Princess may be said to have done a good day's work. But, with tireless energy, she proceeds four times a week to do a night's work as well. Madame Javoskaïa has got up a subscription to provide delicacies for soldiers going to the front, and at a station half-way between St. Petersburg and Moscow the trains stop, that pass with the soldiers for the East. It would be quite easy to send these little sacks, each containing a pound of tea, five-kopek piece, a pot of vaseline, and a pair of felt boots ; but that would be a tame termination to the energetic actress's day's work, so at twelve o'clock this lady and her husband, Prince Bariatinsky, and one or two other patriotic souls, quit St. Petersburg for the intervening station, where they arrive at four o'clock in the morning. One of the patriots thus describes the expedition :

We start. We wish to sleep, but are prevented by one or two who do not. We play at cards. I lose. The Prince grumbles because he regrets his bed and supper. Madame Javoskaïa reproaches him for want of patriotism. The train rattles on, and at last arrives, and our spirits are somewhat damped by the news that the soldiers' train is not yet signalled. That means waiting on the platform in 22 degrees of frost. A French journalist is with us, and nearly succumbs to the cold. With difficulty we get some watery tea. Everyone's feelings sink also below zero but the Princess's, who is upheld by patriotic ardour.

At last the train arrives. It consists of a row of vans and two saloon carriages. The vans the soldiers share with their horses ; there are no windows ; the doors are hermetically sealed.

The officers are in the saloons. Madame Javoskaïa, by dint of much persuasion, and despite ferocious grumbling, at last persuades the officer in charge to allow the sliding doors of the vans to be opened enough to squeeze through.

Photo by *Bullingham*

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein

Her Highness, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Prince Christian Victor Nursing Home, Windsor, is now, happily, on the high road to recovery, and will shortly make a trip to Africa, when she will visit her brother's grave in Pretoria

Photo by *Garstin and Antrobus*

Lord Armstrong

Great-nephew of the famous Armstrong, who started the well-known gun-making and shipbuilding firm

Photo by *Bassano*

Miss Noel Neville

A young actress who created a favourable impression at the Coronet in *East Lynne*, and is now playing the title-rôle in *The Belle of New York* on tour

The soldiers are heaped together on the floor among the straw and their horses' legs, and are most of them asleep. I am afraid they resent the cold air, and do not understand the intrusion of the fine lady in furs. However, Madame Javoskaïa makes them a little speech, beginning, "Brothers and patriots," but has no time to finish it, for the train must start. The fifty sacks are thrown in, *pêle-mêle*, and we get off the footboard, and the train crawls out of sight.

By the time we arrive in Petersburg, at eight in the morning, everybody's humour is execrable! The Princess is going to drive me back to her house to breakfast. We take an isvoschik, and she says to me, "Now we have twenty minutes' drive home. Sleep!" She really does sleep, despite the jostling. Arrived at the door she wakes up and says, "Now we have slept we can begin the day again!" Napoleon could not have done more.

Lord Armstrong

Lord Armstrong is one of the daily increasing number of prominent men who have sprung from the great middle-class, rightly considered as the backbone of the country. He is the great-nephew of the first Baron, who was the originator of the famous gun-making and shipbuilding firm which has made a name for itself all over the world. The Armstrongs are a genuine North-country family, and hail from the most democratic town in England. A "canny" Newcastle man will give place to no one, and his characteristic of sturdy independence is as much his inheritance as choice. Bamburgh Castle, Lord Armstrong's Northumberland place, is a magnificent stronghold perched on the summit of a majestic rock. It is very ancient, and the appearance of mediævalism is kept up in the appointments of the rooms, though not without a proper appreciation of modern comforts. In the churchyard close to the castle is the simple grave of Grace Darling, the North-country heroine, whose requiem is sung by the eternal music of the waves. Sir Walter Besant also made it the scene of one of his best-known novels, "Dorothy Foster," the heroine of which is supposed to have resided there with her brother until the outbreak of the Jacobite rebellion.

Miss Noel Neville

Miss Noel Neville, who made such a success at the Coronet in *East Lynne*, is an Australian by birth, although her family hail from Wales, to which fact, she says, she owes her unusual musical talent. She studied three years at the Royal Academy of Music, where she took numerous medals and exhibitions, and is certified as having the degree of A.R.A.M. Miss Neville possesses great personal charm, and her appearance, with her abundant wavy hair and finely-cut features, is most attractive. She is a good talker, and also an intrepid rider, being devoted to an out-of-door life and sports of all kinds, perhaps her greatest favourites being tennis and swimming. Another feature in her character is her love of reading, but, of course, music is the first and foremost interest in her life. This week she goes on tour with *The Belle of New York* Company, taking the part of the title-rôle, originally played by Miss Edna May.

Lieut.-Col. R. Sandeman
Winner of the Edge Competition at Bisley

Curate: "I write all my sermons in this part of the garden"

Fair Parishioner: "It's an ideal place, isn't it? So shady and dry—er, that is—" *(left explaining)*

Without Apology

The Russian authorities have been interfering with British shipping in the Red Sea.

We are not surprised. Russia was bound sooner or later to revolt against the monotony of getting all her defeats at the hands of the Japanese.

The Red Star Line intend during the next few weeks to begin to call at Dover, and S.E. and C. Rly. specials have, we hear, already arranged to depart from London to connect with the liners.

A weekly paper states that the doctors of Friedrichstad, Germany, have got up a "black list" of people who are behind with their bills for medical attendance, and that until such accounts are paid the doctors will leave the patients severely alone.

This, surely, is one more step forward in the amelioration of the debtor's lot.

There has been a revival of the agitation against the delays of our present judicial system.

And, indeed, we cannot help thinking that our judges might well take a hint from the cheap tailor, who advertises:

"Suits finished while you wait."

A morning paper has the following:

CABINET Maker (Young), bench and jobbing; any distance; refs. Apply, etc.

We trust the advertiser will obtain a position quickly. There are sure to be rivals. We ourselves, for instance, have in mind a very well-known cabinet maker with a large experience of "Jobs," to say nothing of "Bench and Jobbing," who is likely to be disengaged shortly.

The heat is terrible. From its awful effects people are dying and being driven insane, crops are perishing, and the *Chronicle* is publishing paragraphs like this:—

The first wicket fell at 12, after which Perrin presented his card and stayed to tea.

No one surely will grumble at the hot weather who remembers the boon it is to the aged and infirm. Many who for the rest of the year are confined in a gloomy retirement may now venture forth and enjoy the grateful summer airs.

It is only a few nights since we encountered such a venerable friend basking in the rays of the *Sun*. All will surely recognise his name when we mention it. Our friend was none other than the "Great Cheese Joke," the recognised *doyen* of wheezes. We found him thus:—

It gives you the creeps, as the ten millionth cheese mite said when he got run over in the gorgonzola.

His hair is whiter than it was, his step feebler. Perhaps his journey is almost done. But he still looks bravely forward, and when we left him he was full of an arrangement he had made with Mr. Madge—who is connected with the *Globe* as well as the *Sun*—to appear in the "By the Way" column of the former journal during the next few weeks.

Photo by *Russell*

South Parade Pier, at Southsea, in Flames

The disastrous outbreak of fire on the pier last week was fortunately attended by no loss of life. An excursion steamer, seen in the illustration, had just put off, while the few people left on the pier were enabled to make their escape. The above photograph was taken a few minutes after the outbreak, which finally consumed the pier-head and concert pavilion

Mrs. Mary Long and her Pet Bear

Mrs. Long can claim the distinction of being the only woman in the world who runs a public Zoo. It is to be found in Denver, Colorado, and occupies twenty acres of ground

The Moral Corporations of the Future

[*At the present day the Glasgow Council closes hostelries at ten o'clock and the Bradford town-councillors veto theatrical perfo mances after eleven.*]

The introduction of the moral curfew into Manchester has proved a great success. Every night at eight-thirty precisely the Chief Constable rings a bell outside the Town Hall, and vigilant constables sally forth to arrest all vagrom men. Persons who can prove that they are on their way to University Extension Lectures, Elevating Entertaining Evenings for the People, and meetings of the Amalgamated Order of Ancient and Temperate Shepherds are alone exempt from arrest.

With a view to ensuring the proper observance of the Sabbath, the Edinburgh Corporation have passed a new bye-law prohibiting running or fast walking in the streets on Sunday. One exception only is allowed: if in going to or coming from church a citizen's hat blows off, he may run in pursuit of it, provided that he run reverently.

The Water Committee of the Birmingham Corporation, finding that a considerable portion of the pure liquid they provide is used to dilute whisky, have decided to cut off the supply, save in the case of pledged abstainers. In order, however, that the victims of Bacchus may retain an interest in municipal affairs, the Water Rate will still be collected from them.

The Carnarvon Town Council has instructed its librarian to black out all information from the Free Library newspapers which is not of a distinctly elevating and truthful character. Recently, the only legible portions of a notorious journal were "*Daily Gale*—Price ½*d.*"

The Finance Committee of the West Ham Corporation, feeling a certain responsibility for the morals of their bondholders, as well as a temporary financial stringency, have decided not to pay interest on their Corporation stock unless the holder can produce a certificate of regular church attendance for at least six calendar months.

The Southampton Tramways Committee, considering that they are bound to exercise a certain supervision over passengers by their cars, have instructed their conductors to demand the production of marriage certificates from all lady travellers. In default of the certificate, the conductor is authorised to charge double fares

The Madness of Clothes

By MARIE CORELLI

To dress well is a social duty. Every educated, self-respecting woman is bound to clothe her person as neatly, as tastefully and becomingly as she can. But just as a virtue when carried to excess develops into a vice, so the art of dressing well, when allowed to overstep its legitimate uses and expenditure, easily runs into folly and madness. The reckless extravagance of women's dress at the present day is little short of criminal insanity. A feverish desire to outvie one another in the manner and make of their garments appears to possess every feminine creature whose lot in life places her outside positive penury. The inordinately wealthy, the normally rich, the well-to-do middle class and the shabby genteel are all equally infected by the same hysterical frenzy. And it is a frenzy which is humoured and encouraged on all sides by those who should have the sense, the intelligence and the foresight to realise the danger of such a tendency, and the misery to which in many cases it is surely bound to lead.

Latterly there have been certain growlings and mutterings of discontent from husbands who have had to pay certain unexpectedly long bills for their wives' 'creations in costume'—but, as a matter of fact, it is really the men who are chiefly to blame for the wicked waste of money they afterwards resent and deplore. They are the principal instigators of the mischief,—the aiders and abettors of the destruction of their own credit and good name. For they openly show their admiration for women's clothes more than for the women clothed, — that is to say, they are more easily captured by art than by nature. No group of male flatterers is ever seen round a woman whose dress is un-stylish or otherwise 'out-of-date.' She may have the sweetest face in the world, the purest nature and the truest heart, but the 'dressed' woman, the dyed, the artistically 'faked' woman will nearly always score a triumph over her so far as masculine appreciation and attention are concerned.

The 'faked' woman has everything on her side. The Drama supports her. The Press encourages her. Whole columns in seemingly sane journals are devoted to the description of her attire. Very little space is given to the actual criticism of a new play *as* a play, but any amount of room is awarded to glorified 'gushers' concerning the actresses' gowns. Of course it has to be borne in mind that the "writing up" of actresses' gowns serves a double purpose. Firstly, the 'creators' of the gowns are advertised, and may in their turn advertise,—which in these days of multitudinous rival newspapers, is a point not to be lost sight of. Secondly, the actresses themselves are advertised, and certain gentlemen with big noses who move 'behind the scenes,' and are the lineal descendants of Moses and Aaron, may thereby be encouraged to speculate in theatrical 'shares.' Whereas criticism of the play itself does no good to anybody nowadays, not even to the dramatic author. For if such criticism be unfavourable, the public say it is written by a spiteful enemy,—if eulogistic, by a 'friend at court,' and they accept neither verdict. They go to see the thing for themselves and if they like it they keep on going. If not, they stay away, and there's an end.

But to the gowns there is no end. The gowns, even in an *un*-successful play, are continuously talked of, continuously written about, continuously sketched in every sort of pictorial, small and great, fashionable or merely provincial. And the florid language,—or shall we say the 'fine writing'?—used to describe clothes generally, on and off the stage, is so ravingly sentimental, so bewilderingly turgid, that it can only compare with the fervid verbosity of the early eighteenth century romancists, or the biting sarcasm of Thackeray's 'Book of Snobs', from which the following passage, descriptive of 'Miss Snobky's' presentation gown, may be aptly quoted:—

"*Habit de Cour* composed of a yellow nankeen illusion dress, over a slip of rich pea-green corduroy, trimmed *en tablier* with bouquets of Brussels sprouts, the body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with calimanco, and festooned with a pink train and white radishes. Head-dress, carrots and lappets."

By way of a modern pendant to the above grotesque suggestion, one extract from a lengthy "clothes" article recently published in a daily paper will suffice:

"Among the numerous evening and dinner gowns that the young lady has in her *corbeille*, one, *a l'Impé atrice Eugénie*, is very lovely. The foundation is of white Liberty, with a tulle overdress on which are four flounces of Chantilly lace arranged in zig-zags, connected together with shaded pink *gloria* ribbons arranged in waves and wreaths. This is repeated on the low corsage and on the long drooping sleeves of the high bodice.

"A richer toilette is of white Liberty silk, with a flounce of magnificent Brussels lace festooned by leaves of the chestnut, formed of white satin wrought

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in iris beads and silver on white tulle. The whole gown is strewn with like leaves of graduating sizes, and the low corsage has a *berthe* of Brussels lace ornamented with smaller chestnut leaves as are also the sleeves." And so on, in unlimited bursts of enthusiasm.

I cannot say I am in the least sorry when "modistes" who 'create' costumes at forty, fifty and even one hundred and two hundred guineas per gown, are mulcted of some of their unlawful profits by defaulting creditors. In nine cases out of ten they richly deserve it. They are rightly punished, when they accept, with fulsome flattery and servile obsequiousness a 'title' as sufficient guarantee for credit, and in the end find out that Her Grace the Duchess, or Miladi the Countess is perhaps more wickedly reckless and unprincipled than any plain Miss or Mrs. ever born, and that these *grandes dames* frequently make use of both rank and position to cheat their tradespeople systematically The tradespeople are entirely to blame for trusting them, and this is daily and continuously proved. But the touching crook-knee'd worship of mere social rank still remains an ingredient of the mercantile nature,—it is inborn and racial,—a kind of microbe in the blood generated there in old feudal times, when, all over the world, pedlars humbly sought the patronage and favour of robber chieftains, and unloaded their packs in the 'Castle hall' for the pleasure of the fair ladies who were kept at home in "durance vile" by their rough, unwashen lords. And so perhaps it has chanced through long custom and heritage, that at this present day there is nothing quite so servile in all creation as the spectacle of the 'modiste' in attendance on a Duchess, or a 'ladies' tailor' bending himself double while deferentially presuming to measure the hips of a Princess. It is quaint,—it is pitiful,—it is intensely, deliciously comic. And when the price of the garment is never clearly stated, and the bill never sent in for years lest offence is given to 'Her Grace' or 'Her Highness'—by firms that will, nevertheless, have no scruple in sending dunning letters and legal threats to *un*-titled ladies, who may possibly keep them waiting a little for their money, but whose position and credit are more firmly established than those of any 'great' personages with handles to their names, it is not without a certain secret satisfaction that one hears of such fawning flunkeys of trade getting well burnt in the fires of loss and disaster. For in any case, it may be taken for granted that they always charge a double, sometimes treble price for a garment or costume, over and above what that garment or costume is really worth, and one may safely presume they base all their calculations on possible loss. It is no uncommon thing to be told that such and such an evening blouse or bodice copied 'from the Paris model' will cost Forty Guineas—"We *might* possibly do it for Thirty Five,—says the costumier meditatively, studying with well-assumed gravity the small, flimsy object he is thus pricing, a trifle made up of chiffon, ribbon, and tinsel gewgaws, knowing all the while that everything of which it is composed could be purchased for much less than ten pounds. Twenty-five guineas, forty-five guineas, sixty-five guineas are quite common prices for gowns at any of the fashionable shops to-day. One cannot, of course, blame the modistes and outfitting firms for asking these absurd fancy prices if they can get them. If women are mad, it is perhaps wise, just and reasonable to take financial advantage of their madness while it lasts. Certainly no woman of well-balanced brain would give unlimited prices for gowns without most careful inquiry as to the correct value of the material and trimming used for them,—and the feminine creature who runs into the elaborate show-rooms of Madame Zoë or Berenice, or Faustina, and orders frocks by the dozen, saying chirpingly: "Oh yes! *You* know how they ought to be made! Your taste is always perfect! Make them *very* pretty, won't you?—*much* prettier than those you made for Lady Claribel! Yes!—thanks! I'll leave it all in your hands!" this woman, I say, is a mere lunatic, gibbering nonsense, who could not, if she were asked, tell where twice two making four might possibly lead her in the sum-total of a banking account.

Not very long ago there was held a wonderful 'symposium' of dress at the establishment of a certain modiste. It was intensely diverting, entertaining and instructive. A stage was erected at one end of a long room, and on that stage, with effective flashes of lime-light played from the 'wings' at intervals, and the accompaniment of a Hungarian band, young ladies wearing 'creations' in costume, stood, sat, turned, twisted and twirled, and finally walked down the room between rows of spectators to show themselves and the gowns they carried, off to the best possible advantage. The whole thing was much better than a stage comedy. Nothing could surpass the quaint peacock-like vanity of the girl *mannequins* who strutted up and down, moving their arms about to exhibit their sleeves and swaying their hips to accentuate the fall and flow of flounces and draperies. It was a marvellous sight to behold, and it irresistibly reminded one of a party of impudent children trying on for fun all their mother's and elder sisters' best 'long dresses' while the unsuspecting owners were out of the way. There was a 'programme' of the performance fearfully and wonderfully worded, the composition, so we were afterwards 'with bated breath' informed, of Madame la Modiste's sister, a lady, who by virtue of having written two small, rather clever skits on the manners, customs and modes of society, is, in some obliging quarters of the Press called a 'novelist'. This programme instructed us as to the proper views we were expected to take of the costumes paraded before us, as follows:

For the Dinner Party

Topas
Elusive Joy
Pleasure's Thrall
Red Mouth of a Venomous Flower

The 'Red Mouth of a Venomous Flower' was a harmless-looking girl in a bright scarlet toilette,—neither the toilette nor the sensational title suited her. But perhaps the "Cult of Chiffon" presented the most varied and startling phases to a properly receptive mind. Thus it ran:

The Cult of Chiffon

The Dirge O'er the Death of Pleasure
The Fire Motif
The Meaning of Life is Clear
Moss and Starlight
Incessant Soft Desire
A Frenzied Song of Amorous Things
A Summer Night Has a Thousand Powers

Faint gigglings shook the bosoms of the profane as the 'Incessant Soft Desire' glided into view, followed by 'A Frenzied Song of Amorous Things', —indeed it would have been positively unnatural and inhuman had no one laughed. Curious to relate, there were quite a large number of 'gentlemen' at this remarkable exhibition of feminine clothes, many of them well-known and easily recognisable. Certain *flaneurs* of Bond Street, various loafers familiar to the Carlton 'lounge', and celebrated Piccadilly-trotters, formed nearly one half of the audience, and stared with easy insolence at the 'Red Mouth of a Venomous Flower' or smiled suggestively at 'Incessant Soft Desire'. They were invited to stare and smile, and they did it. But there was something remarkably offensive in their way of doing it, and perhaps if a few thick boots worn on the feet of rough but honest workmen had come into contact with their smooth personalities on their way out of Madame Modiste's establishment, it might have done them good and taught them a useful lesson. Needless to say that the prices of the Madame Modiste who could set forth such an exhibition of melodramatically designated feminine apparel as 'The Night has a Thousand Eyes' or 'Spring's Delirium', were in suitable proportion to a 'frenzied song of amorous things.' Such amorous things as are 'created' in her establishment are likely to make husbands and fathers know exactly what 'a frenzied song' means. When the payment of the bills is concerned, they will probably sing that 'frenzied song' themselves.

It is quite easy to dress well and tastefully without spending a very great deal of money. It certainly requires brain — thought — foresight—taste — and comprehension of the harmony of colours. But the blind following of a fashion because Madame This or That says it is 'chic' or 'le dernier cri', or some parrot-like recommendation of the sort, is mere stupidity on the part of the followers. To run up long credit for dresses, without the least idea how the account is ever going to be paid, is nothing less than a criminal act. It is simply fraud. And such fraud re-acts on the whole community.

Extravagant taste in dress is infectious. Most of us are impressed by the King's sensible and earnest desire that the Press should use its influence for good in fostering amity between ourselves and foreign countries. If the Press would equally use its efforts to discourage florid descriptions of dress in their columns, much of the wild and wilful extravagance which is frequently the ruin of otherwise happy homes, might be avoided. When Lady A sees her loathed rival Lady B's dress described in half a column of newspaper 'gush,' she straightway yearns and schemes for a whole column of the same kind. When simple country girls read the amazing items of the "toilettes" worn by some notorious 'demi-mondaine,' they begin to wonder how it is she has such things, and to speculate as to whether they will ever be able to obtain similar glorified apparel for themselves. And so the evil grows, till by and bye it becomes a pernicious disease, and women look superciliously at one another, not for what they are, but merely to estimate the quality and style of what they put on their backs. Virtue goes to the wall if it does not wear a fashionable frock. Vice is welcomed everywhere if it is clothed in a Paris 'creation.' Nevertheless, Ben Jonson's lines still hold good:

> "Still to be neat, still to be drest,
> As you were going to a feast;
> Still to be powder'd, still perfumed:
> Lady, it is to be presumed,
> Though art's hid causes are not found
> All is not sweet, all is not sound."

"All is not sweet, all is not sound" when women think little or nothing of ordering extravagant costumes which they well know they will never be able to pay for, unless through some dishonourable means, such as gambling at Bridge for example. Madame Modiste is quite prepared for such an exigency, for she does not forget to show 'creations' in clothes which, she softly purrs, are "suitable for Bridge parties." They may possibly be called—"The Tricky Trump"—or "The Dazzling of a Glance too long"—or "The Deft Impress of a Finger nail"! One never knows!

Any amount of fashion papers find their way into the average British household, containing rabid nonsense such as the following:

"There were wonderful stories afloat about Miss B's dresses. Rumour has it that a dressmaker came over specially from New York to requisition the services of the most important artistes in Paris, and gold lace and hand embroidery were used with no frugal hand; yet, *despite this* and the warm welcome accorded her by an English audience, Miss B does not seem to have made up her mind to stay with us long, for it is said the end of June will see the end of her season. We have sketched her in her pink chiffon wrap, which is made in the Empire shape covered with chiffon and decorated with bunches of chiffon flowers and green leaves held with bows of pink satin—a most dainty affair full of delicate detail and pre-eminently becoming."

'Despite this,'—is rich indeed! Despite the fact that 'gold lace and hand-embroidery' were used 'with no frugal hand,' Miss B is determined to leave "the gay, the gay and glittering scene," and deprive us of her 'pink chiffon wrap in the Empire shape'! A positively disastrous conclusion! Nay, but hearken to the maudlin murmurs of the crazed worshippers of Mumbo-Jumbo 'Fashion'—

"Do you yearn for a grey muslin dress? Half my "smart girl" acquaintances are buying grey muslins as though their lives depended on it. I feel in love with one of them that was in bouilloné gathers all round the skirt to within eight inches of the hem, while the yoke had similar but smaller bouillonés run through, well below the shoulder-line, with a wide chiné ribbon knotted low in front. Beneath this encircling ribbon the bodice pouched in blouse fashion over a chiné waist-ribbon to match, with long

pendant ends one side; the sleeves were a distinct novelty, being set in a number of small puffs below one big one, a chiné ribbon being knotted around the arm between each puff."

"Do you 'yearn' for a grey muslin dress?" O ye gods! One is reminded of a comic passage in the 'Artemus Ward' papers, where it is related how a lady of the 'Free Love' persuasion rushed at the American humorist, brandishing a cotton umbrella and crying out: "Dost thou not yearn for me?" to which adjuration Artemus replied, while he 'dodged' the umbrella—"Not a yearn!"

"I should like,"—says one of the poor imbecile 'dress' devotees, "the skirt finished off with a wadded hem, or perhaps a few folds of satin, but otherwise it should be left severely plain. These satin, brocade, or velvet dresses should stand or fall by their own merits, and never be over-elaborated."

True! And is it 'a wadded hem' or a padded room that should 'finish off' these people who spread the madness of clothes far and wide till it becomes a positively dangerous and immoral infection? One wonders! For there is no more mischievous wickedness in society to-day than the flamboyant, exuberant, wilful extravagance of women's dress. It has far exceeded the natural and pretty vanity of permissible charm, good taste and elegance. It has become a riotous waste,—an ugly disease of moral principle, ending at last in the disgrace and death of many a woman's good name.

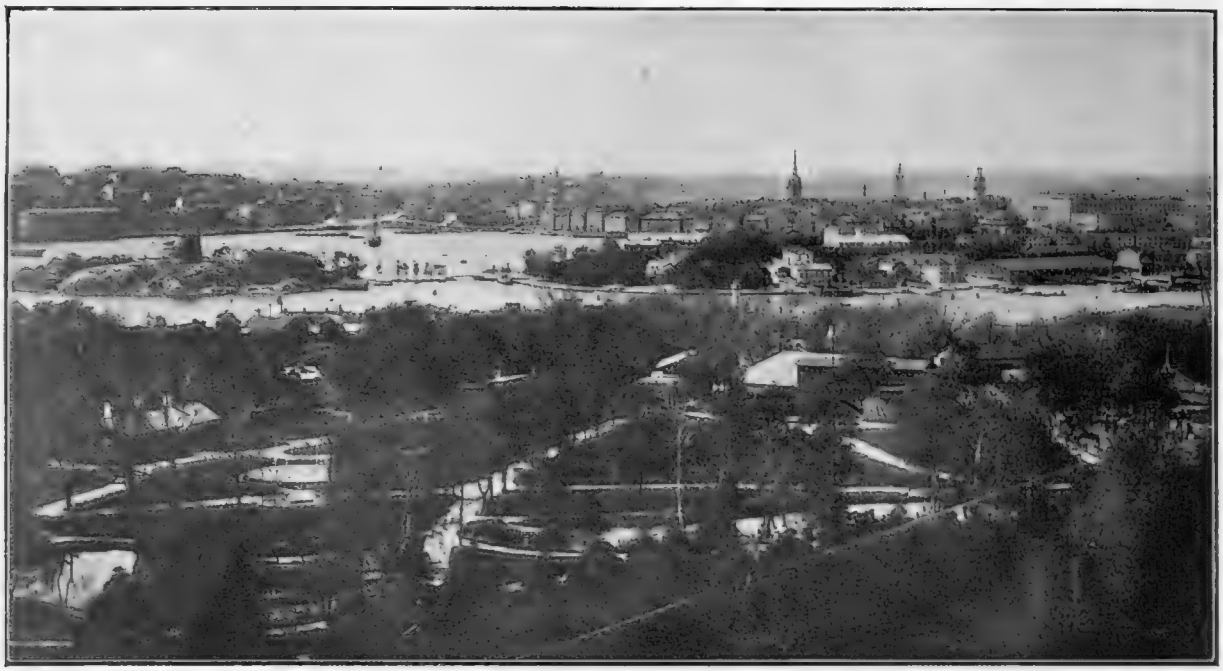
Marie Corelli.

Next week the subject of Miss Marie Corelli's article will be "Coward Adam"

Elevation of the New Liverpool Cathedral, of which the King laid the Foundation Stone July 19.

Liverpool Cathedral will be, when completed, the largest cathedral in the British Isles. It will ultimately afford seat room for 8,000 persons, while about 3,500 will find accommodation in the Choir and central space, which will, it is anticipated, be finished and available for divine service within seven years. The joint architects of Liverpool Cathedral are Mr. Bodley, R.A., and Mr. G. Gilbert Scott. To the latter belongs the distinction of having his designs accepted by the Cathedral Committee out of the hundred and three plans submitted by as many competing architects. The total cost is estimated at about £500,000. All the embroidery and needlework required for the Cathedral is to be provided by the ladies of the diocese

FROM ABROAD.

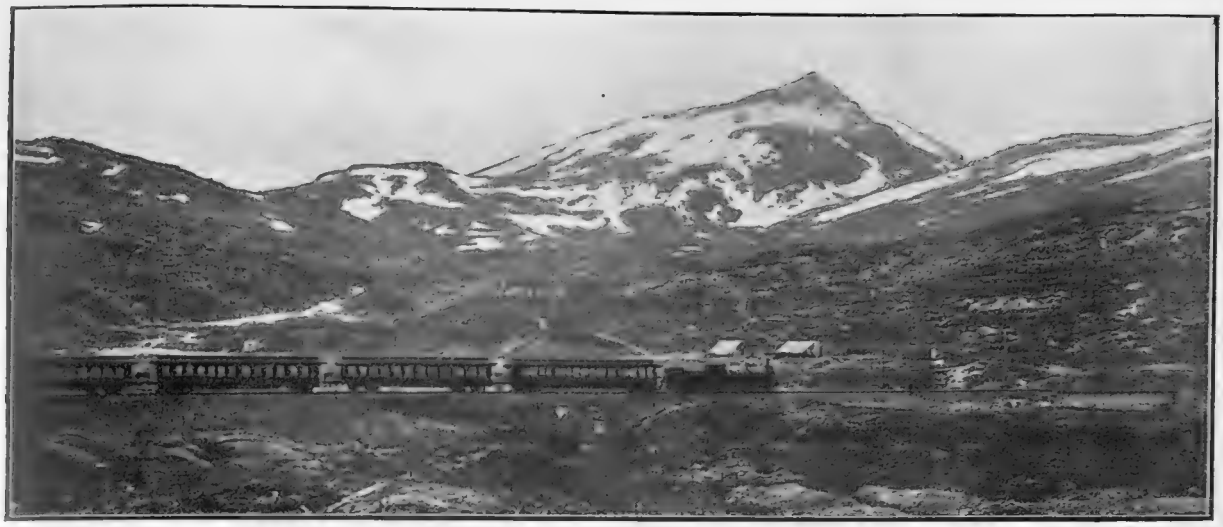


A General View of Stockholm, the "Venice of the North"

The Swedish capital, which is less known than it deserves to be, is built on several islands and the adjacent mainland between a bay of the Baltic and Lake Mälar. Its situation is admitted to be one of the most picturesque in Europe. It contains many fine buildings and interesting museums, and is the headquarters of the Swedish Navy

The Molin Fountain, in the King's Gardens, Stockholm

The King's Gardens are to Stockholm what the Bois is to Paris and Hyde Park to London. The allegorical reliefs in bronze round the fountain seen above represent the daughters of Agir (*i.e.* the waves of the Baltic) visiting Näcken (*i.e.* the waters of Lake Mälar)

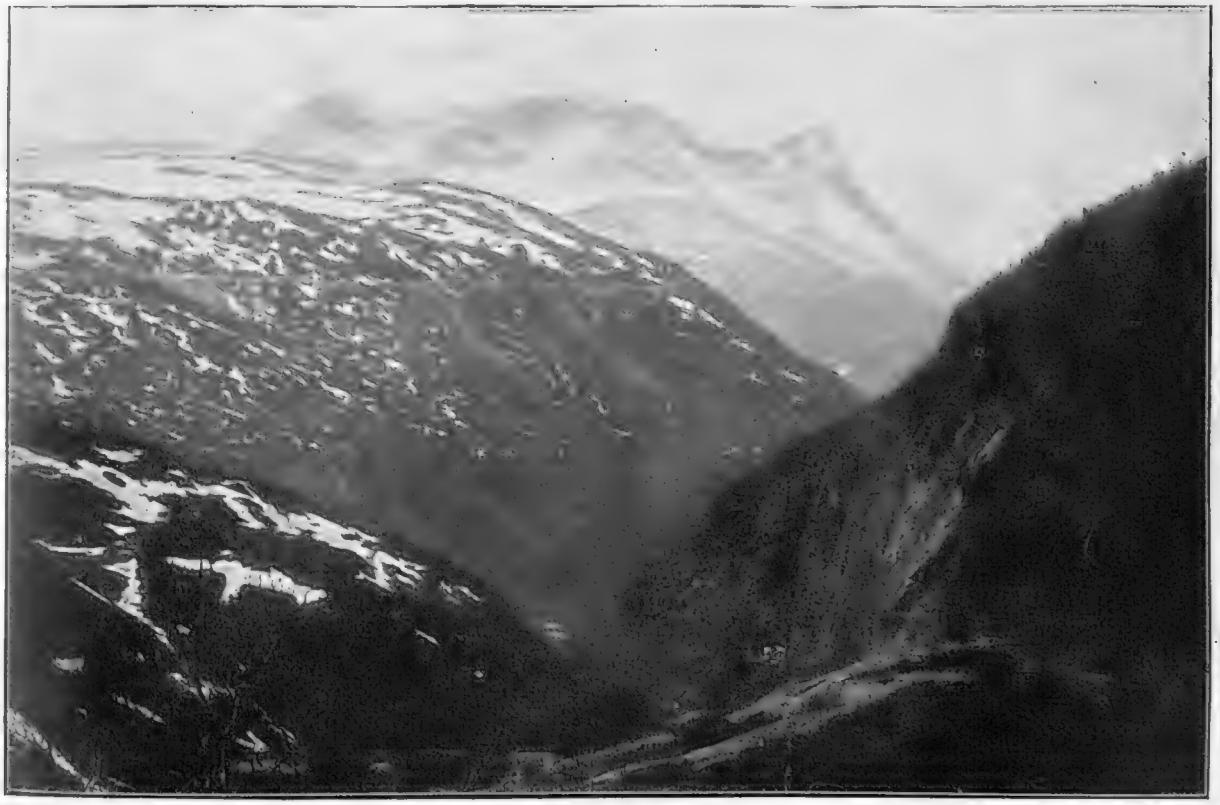


The Lapland Express close to Vassijaura, Lapland

The new Express runs from Stockholm, Sweden, to Narvik, Lapland, and thus connects the Baltic Sea with the Arctic Ocean

With the Lapland Express

The new Lapland express, a perfect *train de luxe*—in spite of its being run over the world's most northerly railway—affords an admirable opportunity of seeing much of that comparatively little-known land, Sweden, bringing its passengers from the "Venice of the North," as Stockholm is often called, right into Ultima Thule, in two days and two nights. The Lap express takes one through scenery of the most varied beauty, through fertile plains, dotted all over with red-painted houses and farmsteads, so characteristic of Sweden; across broad, surging rivers; on bridges high in the air; from the one rocky coast to the other, in some places winding like a huge snake through tunnels or along high mountain sides, down which rush turbulent streams, white, like liquid snow, in others opening picturesque vistas to distant mountains or to the weird, melancholy beauty of some mountain "träsk" (lake). On the Lapland express flies, through forests of graceful, white-stemmed birch or sombre pine, where the charcoal-burner may spend months by himself in his lonely primitive hut, until it finally lands you at Narvik, on the borders of the Arctic Ocean, on all sides surrounded by snow-clad



The route of the Lapland Express winding round a mountain side

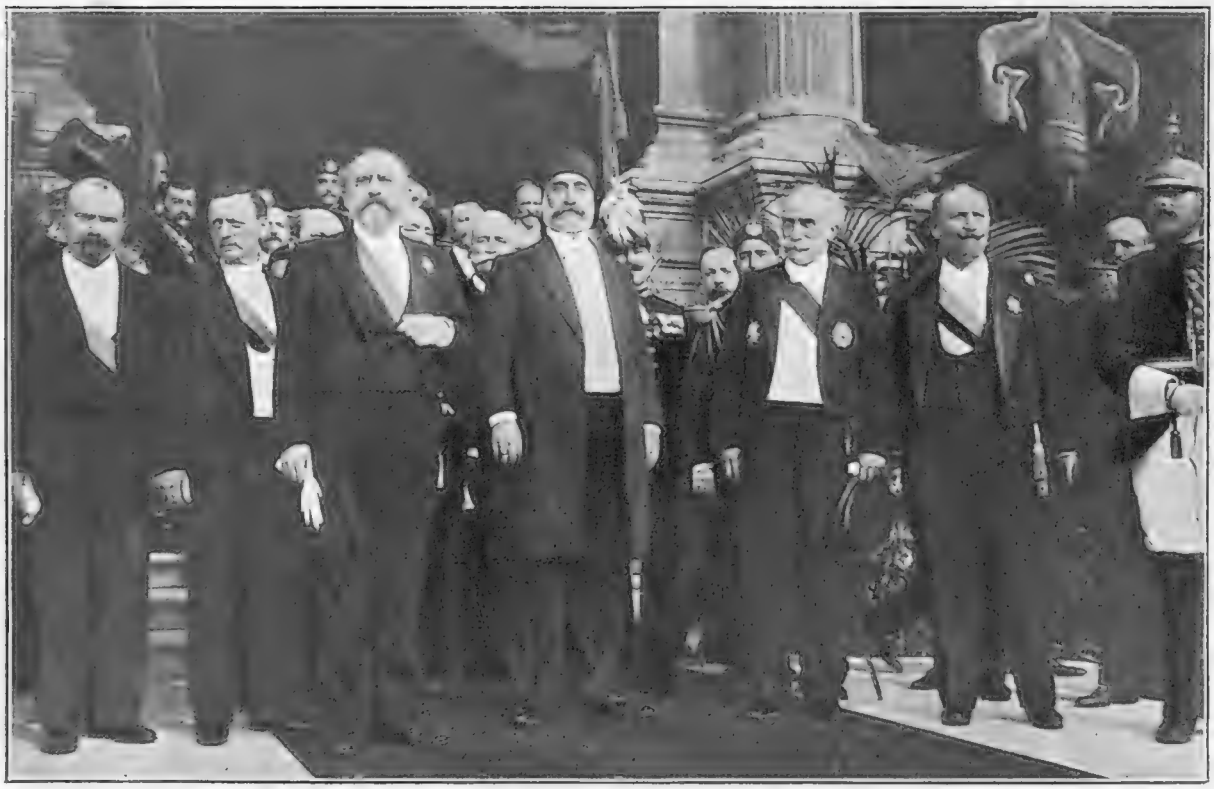
This photograph gives a good idea of the grandeur of the mountain scenery through which the railway passes

mountains, and yet, probably, on a summer's day with warmer and infinitely finer weather than Belgravia. From Narvik, where a nocturnal fishing tour on the broad bay yields a plenteous variety of fish, one can either go back by the train or proceed seawards between Lofoten's stern but grandly beautiful mountains to the north or to the south, to the North Cape or to Drontheim, for the Lapland express is a short cut to the former place. One need not, however, go to the North Cape in order to see the midnight sun, as Lapland itself affords many picturesque views of this coveted sight, among other places from the Dundret at Gellivara, where, as at Kirunavara and Luossavara, one has the unique experience of walking on mountains of solid iron ore, on the top of which one may find the sweet-smelling flower of that lovely little creeping plant, the Linnæa Borealis, or the luscious amber-coloured fruit and the scarlet leaves of the "Fljortrön"; occasionally one comes upon a Laplander's hut—funny, friendly little folks, who stick to their old nomadic habits, and language, terrible enough to make one's teeth crack, although some of them, of course, know a little Swedish, greater contrasts than which in languages it would be difficult to find, the latter being singularly melodious and beautiful. Much has been written, and much more could be written, about these quaint people, with their reindeer and superstitions; but our advice to the reader is: Go and see them!

Chased golden vase presented to the Bey of Tunis by the City of Paris

The Bey of Tunis's Visit to Paris

The visit of the Bey of Tunis to Paris has been the event of the week. His Highness Mohamed el Hadj, a stalwart and handsome figure, whether in the magnificently embroidered uniform he wore at the review on the 14th, or in the black frockcoat, white waistcoat, and red fez, which he affected at most other functions, has won the hearts of all Parisians, and those who have had the honour of coming into personal contact with him have been particularly charmed. His Highness speaks French like a Frenchman, and with great purity of accent. He speaks good English too, and, during his visit to the Hôtel de Ville, learning that a photographer was present in the interests of The Bystander, he acceded with courtesy and promptitude to the request that he should allow himself to be photographed, posed on the steps between M. de Selves, the Prefect of the Seine, and Monsieur Jacques Siegfried, and smiled his pleasure at our photographer's evident satisfaction with the result obtained. During the few days of his visit there, his Highness has right heartily enjoyed himself. He knows Paris well, for before his accession he has been here on no less than nine several occasions, although this is his first official visit since he became the Bey of Tunis. There is some talk of a visit to London before very long, for Mohamed el Hadj has never seen our little village on the Thames, and is extremely desirous to do so.



His Highness Mohamed el Hadj, Bey of Tunis, at the Hotel de Ville

On learning that a photographer was present in the interests of The Bystander, the Bey, who is distinguished in the illustration by his Fez cap, acceded to the request that he should pose for a photograph with a hearty "Mais avec plaisir"

THE FIRST BATCH OF COOLIES TO ARRIVE IN JOHANNESBURG

The Arrival of the First Batch of Chinese Coolies at the Comet Mine

The Coolies after detraining, showing Kit packed in Baskets

Another View of the Chinese in Compound. Mine in distance

CONCERNING MR. HALL CAINE

(NO. 34 OF THE SERIES)

It was not always thus. Time was when the conception of the six-shilling novel, as the lever of Archimedes wherewith the world might be moved, had not yet germinated in the mind of Thomas Henry Hall Caine. Other dreams were his—piled visions of immeasurable palaces, splendid with columns of lapis lazuli and gateways of ivory, or of vast cathedrals with their domes in cloudland. More practical thoughts beset him of commissions to erect buildings of all descriptions—an edifice worthy of the deliberations of the House of Keys, a stately memorial to the first Bishop of Man and Sodor (for so they proudly prefer to call him in Mr. Caine's native land), a home for Manx cats, and so forth. For he was to have been an artist in the more perishable materials of stone and brick. There was no anticipation of that monument of immortal books which has given a new lease of life to the language of the adjacent island of Great Britain.

Yet the promise was there, had there but been eyes to see it. The pen was never far away from the hand of the young Hall. His public addresses to an unpopular Governor of the island thrilled every Manx bosom. It was in one of these that the famous passage occurred which begins with the words: "The affections of Manxmen may still be recovered. But before you subdue their hearts you must gain a noble victory over your own." It has never been questioned that these appeals were directly responsible for the dismissal from the Governor's household of several English servants, a French maid and a Persian kitten (the introduction of whom into the island had led to an unparalleled outburst of popular fury), and the replacing of them by natives.

This work, however, has never been republished; nor has his Byronic fragment on the loss of Manx independence. His earliest messages to the greater public of the Empire appeared in the columns of the *Builder* and the *Building News*, and had to do with professional matters. They were masterpieces of terse and powerful English.

It was by this door that Mr. Hall Caine entered into the realm of letters. He was for some time connected with the *Liverpool Post*. It was not in the advertisement department, as some have plausibly conjectured, that his genius was employed. He wrote leaders, and was even trusted with more difficult tasks, for six years; during which time the Manx circulation of that great newspaper bounded up to an unprecedented figure.

At one period a great influence was exerted over Mr. Hall Caine by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the prophet of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is possible that Rossetti had been studying the leaders in the *Liverpool Post*, and found that they breathed not a little of that spirit which it was his own mission to commend to the world of art: the spirit of purity, humility, and truth. If so, they must have been very remarkable leaders. Howsoever that may have been, what happened was that Mr. Hall Caine went to London at the invitation of the great artist and poet, and lived with him in Chelsea until the time of his death. He was most useful.

It was after this that he set about taking literary London, if not by storm, at least by instalments. He began by doing work as a critic; and his "Cobwebs of Criticism," which appeared in 1883, may still, though the duster of oblivion has gathered them in, be read by the curious. Then he became a poet—a published poet, rather; for we know of his youthful accomplishment in that field. He gave "Sonnets of Three Centuries" to the world. He essayed biography with his "Recollections of Rossetti" and his "Life of Coleridge." But the note of his life yet remained to be struck.

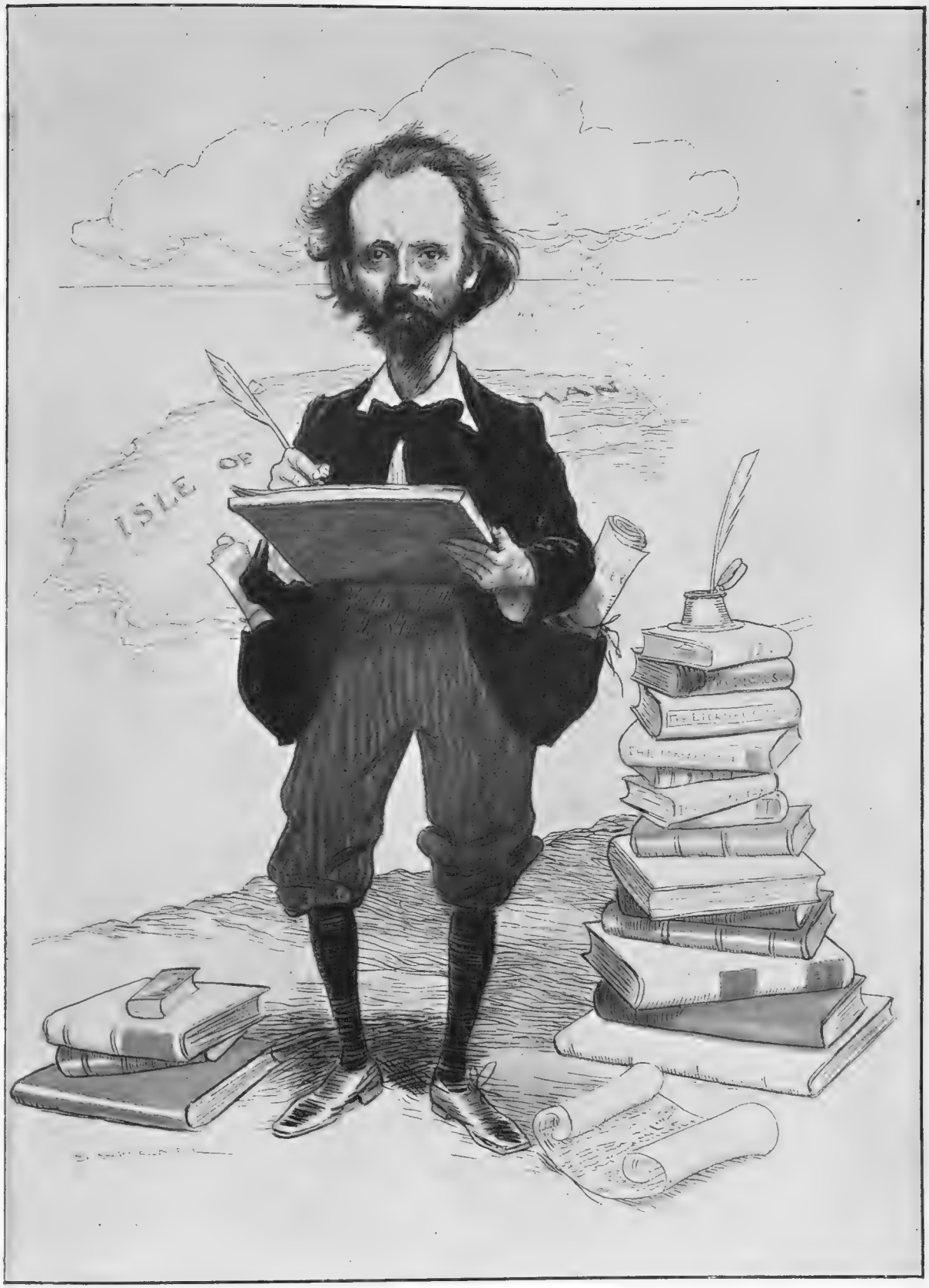
It came with the appearance of his first novel. It was called "The Shadow of a Crime," and it did not immediately run out of print. Nor did his "Son of Hagar," which appeared a year later. But the succeeding year, 1887, dawned big with fate for English letters. It was the year of "The Deemster," which divided the honours of public enthusiasm with Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Since then Mr. Hall Caine has been an incurable novelist.

The most remarkable of all the stories about him is told by himself in connection with his first novel. He tells us that he asked a certain editor, on whose staff he was, to cut down his salary, so that he could have time to write a novel. The editor thought it was a dream. However, having convinced himself that it was sober fact, and that he and Mr. Hall Caine were sober too, he cut down the salary by a half. The results are before us.

In the Manx island Mr. Hall Caine is one of the largest landowners and by far the most eloquent politician. He sits in the House of Keys for Ramsey, where he was born, and votes with the party of enlightened progress in that historic legislature. He has done far more than any other man in Manx history to bring prosperity to the island.

His likeness to Shakespeare (which is one of the strongest arguments against the Baconian theory) is not an unalloyed blessing. It has led to some unpleasantness at times. A certain gentleman happened, at the time of the success of "The Manxman," to be passing through Leicester Square, and nodded genially to the fine statue that stands there. For months he went about complaining that Hall Caine had given him the cut direct, and was suffering from aggravated swollen head—a suggestion which those who knew him scouted as preposterous.

He is a man who feels deeply and writes sincerely. At the same time, he is anybody's match at a business transaction, and rather likes being a territorial magnate. His success is more with the reading public than with the critics: but which of us would refuse it? And as he himself once told an after-dinner audience: "Those who sneer at popular success are merely wallowing in the backwater of their own incompetence."



The Hall of Fame

"At the Sign of the Times"

SUMMER — WHOLESOME SENTIMENT—AND SALVATION

A Novel Sea-Side Amusement

"Fine summer weather," says the Meteorological Office, with a dignified disregard of the tropical waves and torrid heats which have been described with such gusto by the ha'penny press. For all I know, and probably for all the Meteorological officials know, we may be shivering with cold before these lines appear in print. It is as well, therefore, to record—from the pages of a respected contemporary—that "the exceptional heat has induced many visitors to the sea-side to indulge in bathing." So unusual a practice should not go unnoticed.

Garden Politics

Another feature of the warm weather has been the revival of political garden-parties. Sincere patriots should at all times be ready to listen to suggestions delivered with a view to the amelioration of their country's condition, but somehow it seems as though a garden should be a sanctuary from the sterner duties of life. Picture the scene. It is "roses, roses everywhere," and suddenly a budding statesman bounds on to an eminence, doffs his hat, and begins lecturing about the advantages of Tariff Reform.

Politicians and Green-Fly

Some people may rejoice in it, of course. The good old stock phrases about the maintenance of the Union, the Empire threatened by foes without and traitors within, worn-out creeds and factions and fortuitous combinations (I apologise if these seem to be culled from Mr. Chamberlain's speech made at the Albert Hall to the gallant relics of his party)—these phrases, and others like them, would appeal to some people anywhere. Garden-lovers in a garden would rather be chasing green-fly, which, by the way (as the writers of country post-cards say), are very prevalent in Kent.

Two More Home-Truths

Those who study the *Lancet* and the *Daily Chronicle* will be the last to regret that the season of strawberries and cream is almost past. For strawberry-pickers — says the *Lancet*—are the dirtiest people in the world; and cream, of course, is the scum of that milk which the *Daily Chronicle* has made us shudder over. It is a praiseworthy campaign—this of the *D.C.*; but just at present people with nerves can hardly bear to think of a cow.

What to do with the Bairn:

Meanwhile, what are the children to be fed on? "Cheerful Chubby Children," says the *Times*, in one of those outbreaks of humanity and alliteration which make it such a readable paper—"are those who feed properly." What is proper feeding—without milk? Some of our younger writers might give us the benefit of their reminiscences.

Wholesome Sentiment

I notice that Miss Violet Hunt has been writing—very charmingly — on the subject of "Wholesome Sentiment." She appeals for "the exercise of kindly imagination" in dealing with animals, and relates how on one occasion, finding a green caterpillar in an omnibus, she carried it with her all the way to Piccadilly, and deposited it carefully on a tree in a tub outside Dieudonne's Restaurant. "I had felt sufficiently foolish for half-an-hour," says Miss Hunt—that is, while she sat with the caterpillar in the omnibus—"but I could not have done otherwise." It must indeed have been an ordeal.

Voyage of a Caterpillar

But does Miss Hunt reflect that, probably, the green caterpillar ate up the whole of the tree in the tub outside Dieudonne's Restaurant? That is, assuming that the green caterpillar liked the tree. If it did not—or if the tree was of a nature to disagree with it, the caterpillar—so far as one can judge—would just as soon have continued its voyage in the omnibus.

Motorists and Mountain-Climbers

Motorists are becoming ubiquitous. Mountain-climbers maintain that they have no business to ascend the Alps; and it is believed that they would be very slow of attempting the rescue of any automobilists found in a crevasse. So far, however, the latter have not tried anything in the way of a glacier; nor until it can be treated with Westrumite—or some equivalent—are they likely to.

General Booth's Campaign

In the interval, General Booth is going to give a new impetus to the motor industry by starting his campaign in a car through England and Scotland. The aim of the campaign is, as the General puts it, 'Salvation on the Spot.' Surely no rural official will be so evil-minded as to set a police-trap.

MINIMUS

OUR SHORT STORY

The Angels' Wings (Patent) Syndicate

By JOHN ADAIR

"Did you ever hear tell," said my American acquaintance, "of the Patent Angels' Wings Syndicate, of Catapult, Ohio?"

"Something out of the common run of American swindles?" I asked.

"Wal," he replied, "I guess it was out of the common, though as to its bein' a swindle, I'll leave you to judge. It was one of the 'cutest ideas I ever heard of. When Santos-Dumont was boomin' aerial ships around, and everyone talked about him as the greatest genius of the age, the idea entered into the head of Cornelius K. Sharp that there was nothin' like takin' advantage of the occasion, as you might say. Now, Corney did a bit of canvassin' for the noospapers, and had a purty fly notion of the best means of publicity. He was a feller who let his mouth off on every occasion, an' I'll say this for him, it was generally to some advantage.

"For some time Corney had been on his beam ends, for the truth is, folks were scared of him. He talked too much, and it was so difficult to get rid of him without his pocketin' an order for an advertisement in some useless medium that they gave him the go-by. So when he called to see the boss, the assistants had orders to tell him there was small-pox in the house, or some tall story calculated to frighten him away. Of course, he didn't believe these yarns any more than those who told him, but he saw quite clear that it was no use him pushin' the canvassin' business for a time. So he looked around for other fields to conquer, and suddenly he hitched on to an idea.

"A friend of his was a man named Pritchard—Silas K. Pritchard. Now Pritch was clever at turning out clockwork machines. He wasn't making money, for at Catapult, with a small stationary population, there was not much call for clockwork devices. Corney went to him and told him what was on his mind, and Pritch fell in with it enthusiastically.

"About this time Santos-Dumont was in the States making ascents with any amount of free advertisement from the Press. Corney waited his opportunity. One mornin', all the newspaper purchasers in New York, Chicago, and other large centres, were startled by the followin', set in big flaring headlines, across two columns:

WHY BOTHER ABOUT AIR-SHIPS
WHEN YOU CAN BE AN ANGEL AT ONCE?
A Catapult Man's Great Invention.
Knocks Santos-Dumont Silly.

The secret of aerial locomotion overcome by a simple device, which, sold at the price of 50 dollars, is worth its weight in gold.

"All that was needed, said the paragraph, was for the purchaser to affix the wings, which the Patent Angels' Wings Syndicate would sell him for 50 dollars, fold his arms, and the mechanism would do the rest.

"Of course, people at first laughed at the idea, but Corney stood at the entrance to the elaborate new premises he had taken, smoked big cigars, wore a big watch-chain, and smiled happily. So far, his venture had been successful beyond his fondest anticipations. He had been to New York and Chicago, had talked so confidently and large to the newspaper reporters, that they had ended by believin' there was something in what he said. The newspapers who had not received the information were wirin' to Catapult for details. Corney received their representatives with cordiality. It was true, he said, that the Patent Angels' Wings Syndicate had successfully solved the problem of aerial flight, but orders were coming in so fast that they could not meet the demand. For the edification of the assembled journalists, he produced a pair of wings and offered a free test to anyone who wished. One man volunteered, the wings were affixed, the machinery, a small box arrangement, fitted on his back, and the signal given to start. Open-mouthed the spectators beheld their *confrère* sail away in majesty until he disappeared, a small speck on the horizon.

"Of course a tremendous boom was given to the new invention, and for days the papers were full of it. The adventurous journalist, it is true, was unheard of for two days when he was found caught in a fir-tree on the Alleghanies, but he was too ill to make himself objectionable. Corney himself provided free copy to the journalists, includin' sensational headlines. This is the sort of stuff he got turned out:

The advantages of this wonderful invention are too numerous to mention. To breathe the fresh air of heaven, out of reach of belching smoke and iron furnaces, would alone make it a slap-dash discovery, but it is more than that. To escape an importunate creditor, the rate-collector, or one's mother-in-law, are perhaps the desiderata of every normal man. This, on the Patent Angels' Wings, he can do.

(All rights reserved)

"Orders came pourin' in, and for days the offices of the new Syndicate were besieged with people who wanted, for one reason or another, to purchase wings. Their orders were booked, they paid a deposit, and they were one and all told that, on the Saturday, one thousand pairs of wings would be ready, and they might all rise together in a huge flock. The truth is, although Pritch had invented a method by which he could make the wings flap, he had not discovered a means to stop the apparatus, and, consequently, the intrepid aeronaut who ascended would find he was compelled to remain in mid-air until such time as the mechanism had exhausted itself, when he would probably descend with a greater rapidity than his nerves appreciated. He was engaged, between whiles, in tryin' to solve this, but he had to give it up.

"Wal, the ascent was advertised gratuitously far an' wide, and on the Saturday Catapult accommodated such a crowd as had never before been seen there. Special trains were run, and tickets to witness the start from special stands (which Corney had erected) were sold at a premium. Corney was as cool as if his contrivances could start an' stop as easy as an electric kyar. Presently, the first thousand fortunate purchasers, havin' paid down their money, were introdooced to the assembled company, and the wings, made of strong leather, handed over.

"'Gentlemen and ladies,' says Corney, comin' into the arena, an' bowin' midst the plaudits of the crowd, 'You are about to be witnesses of the greatest feat of modern days. This, ladies and gentlemen, is an epoch in the history of the United States. The foreign interlopers who come over here to teach us progress will slink back to their antiquated haunts blushin' with the ignominy of defeat. Friends, this is an event beside which the Monroe Doctrine is like new cheese. There will be no more need to tweak the lion's tail, for he will flee from us dismayed. . . .'

"He said lots more; indeed, he talked till the crowd shouted to him to get to business, but he managed, in that space of time, to complete a review of history, from the days of the Cæsars, and to embrace a general sketch of the progress of science, medicine, and the arts, on top of all which he crowned his angels' wings. He made the crowd believe the world had existed for that day.

"Meantime, the wings had been fitted on, and each person was given a string to pull when he had had enough an' wanted to come down. There was some difficulty with some of the purchasers, for they wanted to try all kinds of tricks. One man wanted to shoot straight up to Heaven, and was annoyed when he was told the Syndicate weren't offerin' free passes there just yet. Another wanted to alight on his chimney pot, but I guess he didn't arrive.

"I stood by and laughed up my sleeve. Corney was mighty civil to them all, but presently he had them all ready, and gave the word to fly. My! You should have seen the sight there was. Some of them hung on to umbrellas, in case it might rain, and they looked mighty queer birds as they fluttered helplessly up in the air and slowly soared away. The crowd cheered itself hoarse, and Corney started bookin' new orders by the score. Some of the flyers got nervous at the last moment and pulled the cord, but they might as well have saved themselves the trouble. Corney lighted a cigar, and watched them out of sight between whiles.

"'Your trouble's goin' to come, my son,' says I, 'when those poor deluded folks get on their legs again.'

"'Wal,' says he, 'I reckon there's somewhere about twelve hours before they show their wings here, and as I'm about starvin', I reckon we'll go an' get somethin' to eat.'

"'Say, mister,' said a reporter, edgin' his way to us, 'there seems a curious similarity in taste among your customers. They are all taking the same route.'

"'I guess they admire the scenery that way,' says Corney calmly. He had a fine way for disarmin' suspicion.

"We hadn't been at table long when a man comes marchin' in. He looked as if he'd been havin' a swim with his clothes on, and had tried to take them hurriedly off in the water. He was evidently in urgent need of someone. Directly he espied Corney, he comes up to him an' shakes his fist in his face.

"'You scoundrel!' he shouted; 'I'll teach you to swindle honest people this way again. Come outside; we're a-waitin' you.'

"'Whatever is the matter?' said Corney.

"'The matter! Did you sell me a pair of wings, or did you not? Did you say I could go in any direction, or didn't you? Did you say the machinery would run for six weeks without refillin', or didn't you?'

"'Look here,' says Corney, 'it's bad to get excited when you're wet. You might get pneumonia. Suppose you go home and change your clothes, an' then come back. If the wings are a bad pair I'll change them, or give back your money.'

"The man saw the advantage of this piece of advice. 'You expect me back under half an hour,' says he, 'and don't you go payin' the others before I git back.'

"'How many more of you are there?' asks Corney.

"'About five hundred and ninety, but the rest of them are erectin' a contrivance to lynch you on opposite your office.'

"'That's a piece of pleasant news,' says Corney; 'it'll help me digest my grub, I reckon. Say, did you all fall in the water?'

"'Most of us did, but some stuck in trees. They're the most angry ones,' said the man. 'I reckon we're like lambs compared to them.'

"Corney pulled out his watch: 'In half an hour the express eastwards is due,' he says to himself, 'I wonder if I can board her?'

But not much he couldn't. The door was flung wide open, and a committee of about twenty wild-eyed men entered. They were some of them wet, others had their faces so scratched that they looked like the rails at a terminus. These also mostly had their clothes torn. With a yell they seized Corney and he was dragged outside his fine premises. A second later he was indistinguishable, as his head and feet were mixed up in the most unaccountable manner. He had one of the most unpleasant five minutes of his life.

"Open-mouthed, the spectators beheld their confrère sail away in majesty until he disappeared, a small speck on the horizon"

"'Let's hear what he has got to say for himself,' shouted some. The idea found favour, and he was eventually set on his feet somewhat the worse for wear.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' he managed to gasp at length, 'you are somewhat boisterous, but I take your good natures as an indication that you didn't mean to do me any harm.'

"'Oh, don't we!' they all cried. 'Let me get my nails into the villain!' screamed one woman.

"Corney began to look uneasy.

"'It's no good gettin' angry,' he said, 'it isn't my fault. I sold you the wings *bonâ fide*, and I knew they'd carry. Flyin' is a bit awkward to commence with. . .'

"'Let us see you give it a trial,' shouted a big man with a pimply face, who had forced his way to the front and stood brandishin' a thick stick.

"'Give us back our money,' cried another.

"'Yas—let's see the backs of those dollar bills,' cried a number.

"'Alas!' said Corney, 'I terribly regret to say that my partner, whom I trusted like a brother, has boarded the first train leavin' Catapult, and in his baggage is contained every cent of the money we took. If you'll ketch him——'

"'No,' cried the mob, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' 'Shell out, you fraud.' 'String him up right way.' 'Turn out his pockets.'

"'My friends, my Christian friends,' says Corney sorrowfully, 'throw out this uncharitableness from your hearts. Destroy this malice which you're demonstratin' towards me, and let us discuss this matter in a friendly manner——'

"But there was a feller there who had experienced Corney's blarney before this. He shook his fist in the air:

"'Don't listen to him,' he cried. 'Make him fork out, for there's an almighty poor chance of your seein' a cent of your money back, if you once let him get wound up.'

"Corney was becomin' a little impatient. You see, the individuals who had got fixed in trees might turn up at any moment now. Meantime, the crowd was gettin' real angry, and began to crowd in upon him again. Till now he had looked for a means of escape. His notion was, I take it, to pin his faith on to the wings and soar away from his enemies, but it was not much of an opportunity; and he not only had not a pair of wings ready, but he knew too much about them to trust himself if he could help it. But the truth is he was up a gum tree. Then suddenly a notion struck him.

"'Look here,' he says; 'you can knock me about all you want, but it won't bring back the money. I ain't got a hold of it. But I can tell you how to not only get your money back, but how to double it.'

"'Blarney!' exclaimed the man, who knew Corney's genius.

"'You never paid for your wings, anyhow,' says Corney, turnin' sharp on him; 'so you've no call to speak.'

"'I didn't pay for them!' cries the astonished man, who knew he had.

"'No, you didn't,' says Corney, with a quick glance at the crowd; 'and it's always you folks who make the most noise. And I won't resume till you get.'

"'Put him out!' yelled some people anxious to hear the proposal: in a few seconds the poor beggar was thrust out of the buildin', and the doors shut upon him.

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' says Corney with a smile, for he began to see how to escape, 'the truth is, I don't understand anythin' about the machinery of these wings. It was my misguided partner's department, and he has the dollars too. However, if you'll take my advice, all will go well. You take your wings home, everyone of you, and pull the longest yarns you can about the wonderful flight you had. If any of you know a journalist, jest walk into him about those wings till he can't think of nothin' else.'

"'Meantime, I'll put a notice in the papers that the machinery is inadequate to meet the supply, and those who want to buy will have to purchase them from those already ownin' them. The price will be doubled in a few days and think,' says Corney in his blandest tones, 'the joy of sellin' them on at double the price to your greatest enemy!'"

"Well," I said, as my American friend stopped, "did they fall in with the arrangement?"

"Did they! You can bet! It was the last bait took them. Corney got clean away, and will you believe me, every cent of their money was in his pockets. But, oh my! how those wings drew! When a great advertisement appeared sayin' that the difficulty and expense of turnin' them out was so great that a fresh stock would not be ready under six months there was an awful run on those thousand The original purchasers were so delighted that they held a meetin' to discuss the advisability of erectin' a monument in his honour. His memory is green in their minds to-day."

"But what about the unfortunate persons who were saddled with them?"

"Those wings were a perfect godsend to everyone who had a grudge against anybody. My! what a means of gettin' quits! Wal, I guess those wings are still floatin' around, for occasionally I see a puff about them in the papers. But what an insight into character Corney must have had. He reckoned that if you fool a man, he ain't goin' to squeak. He'll pass it on in return. I'd like to bet my bottom dollar Corney won't stop goin' till he becomes the President of the United States. Yas, sir, he's got the cheek and he's got the gab."

To the Summer Girl

To you I sing, whose clear grey eyes,
Dwelt less in pity than surprise
On my endeavour—
The crude attempt, no doubt absurd,
To teach you, from the common herd,
Me to dissever.

Like all the rest who own your thrall
I sought to be the first of all.
Alas! I only made you call
Me "rather clever!"

You knew what 'twas I'd have you say,
But would not. Yet some time you may,
And, dear, believe me till that day
Yours only, ever!

DRAWN BY J. W. HAMMICK

"Beauty and the Beast"

Mr. H. A. Lytton in his Dressing Room

THREE PRINCIPALS IN "THE EARL AND

Miss Louie Pounds and Mr. Robert Evett

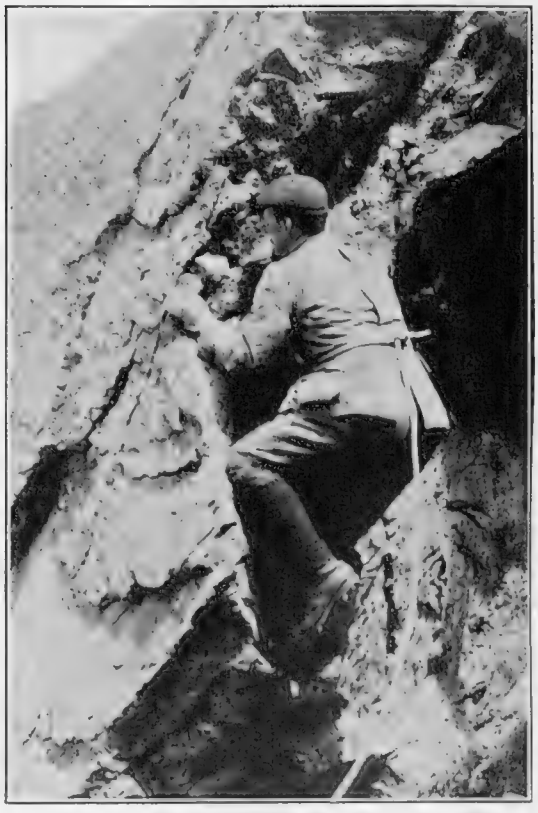
THE GIRL" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE

Rock-climbing on the Cumberland Fells

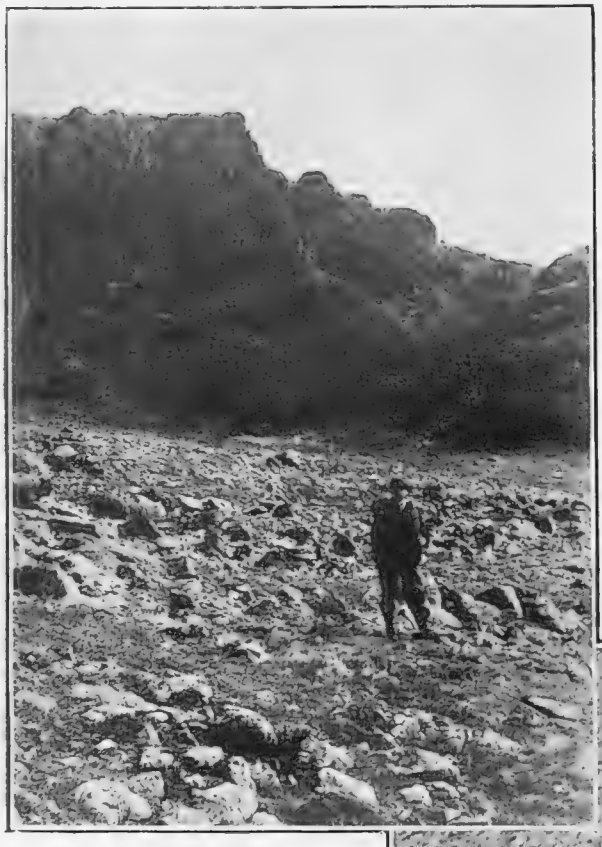
Wastdale has often been called "The nursery of the Alps," but this is only in a measure correct. Its peaks can certainly only boast a quarter the altitude of the Continental giants; the distances to the foot of a climb are far less; and it is altogether a pocket-edition of many famous climbing centres; but here the simile ends.

The Chamounix needles, and one or two of the more formidable dolomites are perhaps considered nowadays to test a cragsman's powers to the full, but let the man who has sampled these, and not yet, little Wastdale, try hand and foot in the latter. His verdict will not long be in doubt.

Overlooking the dale to the north-east stands Great Gable, a modest-looking peak of 3,000 feet, but it certainly belies its aspect. Its western face rises, buttressed by great ridges that are a lasting joy to the scrambler, while to the north it drops sheer into the Emmerdale Valley, in a succession of grey cliffs, broken into, all along their front, by chimney and gully that warm the heart, and chill and cramp the fingers. The Gable is in proud possession of two other much discussed climbing problems. The first, and most photographed into fame, is tucked away far up among the aforesaid south-western ridges, and takes the shape of a needle of rock some hundred feet in height.



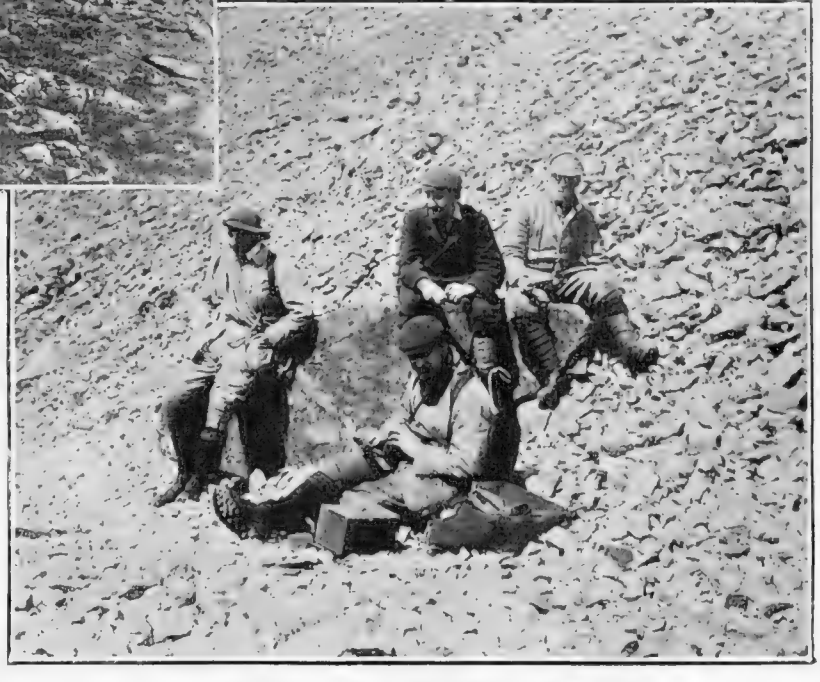
"The last few feet"
The leader of a party emerging from the oblique chimney, Gable Crags



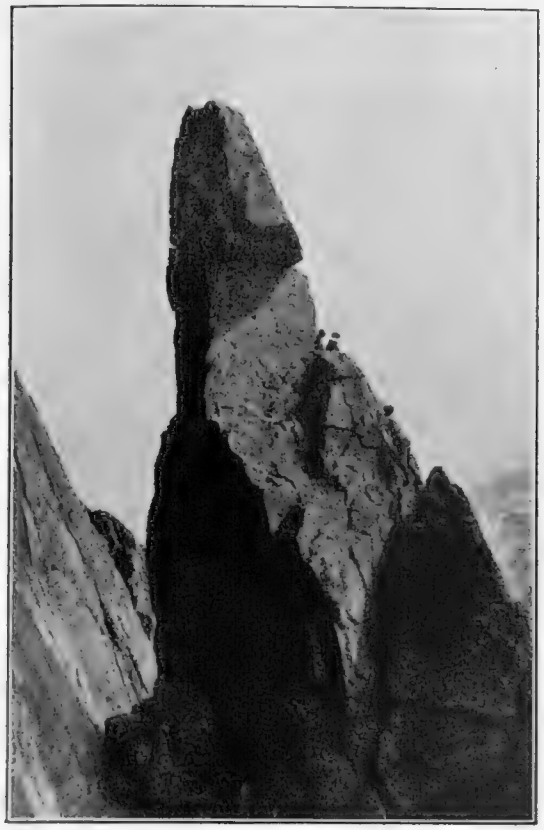
Scafell from Hollow Stones
Showing its gills and chimneys

The second problem takes the form of a crack in Kern Knotts buttress upon the Gable's eastern side, and the cragsman who lands, blown out, but triumphant, at the head of this, has the additional satisfaction of knowing that he can negotiate the Grèpon crack at Chamounix without serious difficulty.

The next most-loved peak among climbing men is Scafell, with its 1,000 feet of crags. Here, again, are

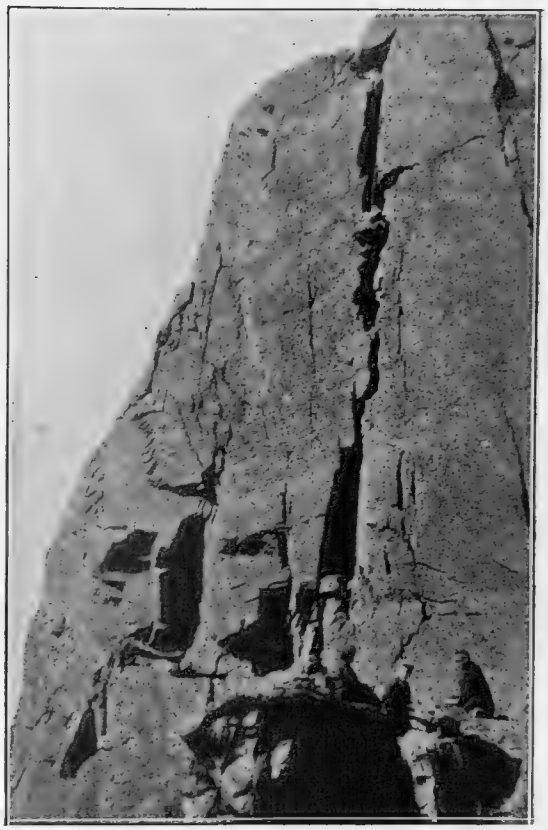


A halt for lunch on the screes of Great Gable



The Napes Needle, Great Gable

The hardest piece of climbing in the Fells



Kern Knotts Crack

A good second to Napes Needle for difficulty, and a very similar climb to that of the Grèpon crack at Chamounix

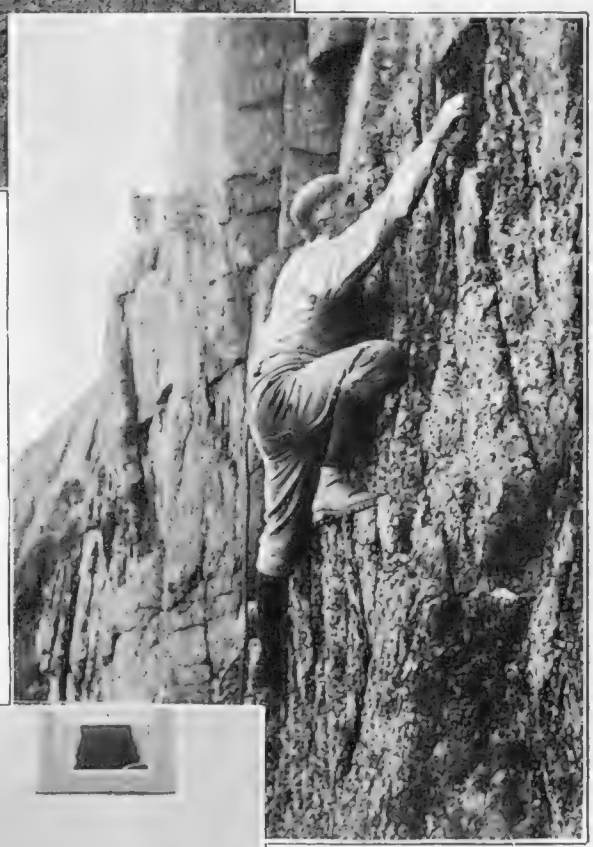
Wastdale and Great Gable

The Summit of Scafell Pike (3,200ft.)
Scafell is the highest peak in England

found gill, chimney and rock-face scrambling, that rival—aye, and beat—many a foreign centre for the necessity of steady eye, hand, and foot, a sound nerve, and all that most goes to the making of a cragsman.

Only last year a fresh climb was created upon these same crags that hitherto had seemed an impossibility: a climb that runs up the face of the rock for some 30 feet—a mere crack, which disappears above into buttress-scrambling and nothingness, that makes the expert gasp, and leaves the humbler essayist dazed, and heartfelt in his thanks, as he trails at the tail of 30 feet of alpine rope behind a "safe" leader.

Another playground of the cult is the Pillar Rock, that stands sentinel above the Emmerdale Valley: a great grey giant, falling sheer on every side, and affording the climber every facility for breaking his neck or acquiring immortal fame among exponents of the sport; but woe betide the party tackling its climb late in the day



The leader of a party climbing the face of the Pillar Rock

and has it but half-accomplished when dusk overtakes it; then, given but a slight ice-glaze, the pastime becomes a danger, and it were wiser to take a leaf from the book of three unlucky wights who were in like manner trapped one winter's day. This hapless crew spent Christmas eve and dawn, jammed into a split rock far up on the Pillar's north face, in company with the wintry blast, one stick of chocolate, and their most un-Christmas-like sentiments. E. E. S.

A group of climbers at the Wastdale Head Inn

The figure on the right is a Dauphiné guide. This inn is a favourite one with cragsmen, and the casual tourist, who in the early morning stumbles across the hall among the army of freshly-greased hob-nailed boots, must imagine himself to have awakened in a strange land. Breakfast is the important meal, for over it plans for the day are discussed and elaborated

AMERICAN TOPICS

If the Ambassadorial mantle of Mr. Choate is to fall upon the shoulders of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, it could be transmitted to no American more full of good feeling for this country. His worst enemies, indeed—and in his days of political editorship he necessarily made many—find nothing harsher to say of him than that he is an Anglomaniac. Born in Ohio, of that Scottish Puritan stock which won so much of America from the wilderness, he developed and cultivated a scholarly nature; but he did none the less well in the Civil War, which broke out in his twenty-fourth year. Entering journalism, he succeeded rapidly, and four years after joining the staff of the *New York Tribune* he became its editor and chief proprietor. He has been the Ambassador of his country to France, where he did well; and he was the special representative of the United States at the Jubilee of 1897 (when Oxford made him a D.C.L.), and also at the Coronation which did not take place. Unhappily, he could not stay for the postponed ceremony, and the thousands he spent in hiring Lord Aberdeen's Park Lane house for the occasion were lost money. Perhaps the funniest incident in his career was the tremendous outburst of indignation which was engineered in America by certain Democratic journals when it was known that he intended to break the tradition of American Ambassadors, and attend the Coronation in Court dress. The "knee-breeches question" was even raised in Congress.

When a certain gentleman of quiet tastes purchased a "lot" in a certain Western city, and built himself a home thereon, it was rest and peace that he wanted. He was annoyed when, within a twelvemonth, thirty families had settled down on adjoining land, mustering among them fourteen pianos, a cornet, four mechanical organs, and ten phonographs, with which they would make the time pass in the evenings—with the windows open. The victim, however, did not remain crushed. He was a prosperous man; so he moved away to another house, and let his former home at a nominal rent to a Chinese laundryman. He also bought a second-hand steam whistle, and presented it to his tenant, together with three tons of coal and a book of instructions. Then he went far away and rested peacefully.

When Mr. Bob Fitzsimmons, the fighting man, was charged with the larceny of a young lion from Bostock's menagerie at Coney Island the other day, he could not deny it. He was, indeed, leading the playful little animal about on a dog-chain when arrested. He said he took it for fun. Solomon thought otherwise about robbing a lioness of her whelps. But perhaps the parent animal was not about while Fitzsimmons was acquiring the baby. Anyhow, he is probably the first man to see the joke of a young lion. True, Matthew Arnold got a good deal of fun out of some young lions; but they were "the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*" —not a dangerous variety.

Photos by *Dupont*

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid

Mrs. Mallam in Bohemia

By E. CLERIHEW

"An artist!" said Mrs. Mallam doubtfully; "I've known a few of them, and can't say I got on very well with them. You know, Ethelbert, how I hate anything in the nature of Bohemianism."

It was very wrong of me—I see that now—to deceive Mrs. Mallam: especially so, since she was staying under my roof. My only excuse is that, ever since she married my late cousin William, I have longed passionately for an opportunity of breaking up that wonderful calm state of dignified precision in which she lives. In her own house there is never anything wrong. Living in it is like being a figure in a mathematical demonstration. The very mice in the kitchen keep regular hours, and know exactly when the next post goes out. The domestics move about with grim composure, and are, I believe, actuated by mechanism.

"Oh! but you must understand," I said, "that Robert Winchester is a man very well worth knowing. He's one of the men who have arrived; makes thousands a year, goes everywhere, knows everyone. His pictures are the talk of Europe. He was staying at Lord Lebanon's, when the Prince of Wales was there. You must come. He's expecting two of us, and now Agnes has been called away, you must replace her. He's the soul of hospitality, and if he'd known you were staying with us, he'd have insisted on our bringing you."

After a little more pressing, Mrs. Mallam allowed herself to be persuaded. The Prince of Wales did it, as I knew he would. So it was settled that she should go down with me the next day to lunch at Bob Winchester's house in the Surrey hills.

I went out into the hall and danced on the doormat. For I had known Bob from childhood, and had a fair idea of the sort of thing we should find.

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"Bob said there would be something to meet me," I observed dubiously, as the train steamed out of the little station after depositing Mrs. Mallam and myself. "But he and his wife are sometimes a little forgetful."

"I really cannot walk two miles before lunch," said Mrs. Mallam positively.

"There's nothing in sight but that motor-car," I said, searching the landscape; "and I know Bob doesn't keep one. We might wait and see if anything turns up."

Mrs. Mallam seated herself in silence. She was ruffled.

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With a deafening toot the motor-car swung into the station enclosure, and checked itself, panting, in front of us. The only occupant, a young man in leather clothes and goggles, the visible part of whose face was very dirty, sprang out.

"Most awfully sorry I'm late," he said, pulling off his hat and goggles. "My name's Liddesdale—staying with Winchester—asked me to bring you over in my car—left loads of time, but had to stop and argue with an ass of a policeman a mile back—does no good to run away from them—won't you get in?"

Mrs. Mallam hates motor-cars with a deadly hatred. On the other hand, she loves aristocrats, and she had heard, like everyone else, a good deal about Viscount Liddesdale, the young Radical peer who introduced a Bill for the dissolution of the Monarchy. So she got in.

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As we fled between the posts of Winchester's gate and rushed tooting up the drive, Mrs. Mallam breathed a sigh of intense relief and slackened her clutch on my arm. "Went well, didn't we?" said the owner of the car, manipulating the handles. "Near thing with that pig—closest I've seen—believe we must have shaved off some of his bristles."

Mrs. Winchester, a tall and severely beautiful woman from California, arose from the midst of a small group on the lawn, and came to welcome us. I introduced Mrs. Mallam, whose evident unhappiness at once moved the sympathy of our hostess.

"That boy has been giving you a fright, speeding his automobile," she said, with an angry look at Lord Liddesdale, who grinned guiltily. "I can't think why he doesn't have more sense. Well, forget it. We're all glad to see you both, and only sorry Agnes couldn't come. You must know all these people. This is Kate Merridew, the traveller. I want you to tell Mrs. Mallam that great story of yours, Kate—the one about the alligator that kept you in the tree all the afternoon."

Miss Merridew, whose round face was burned to a deep brown, and whose hair was shorter than most men's, welcomed Mrs. Mallam with a vast smile.

"This is Professor Kloon—American, like me," went on Mrs. Winchester. "He acts woozy, but he has a big brain. The Professor can tell you more about the Fourth Dimension than any man on earth. Let me introduce you to Kenneth Freer. He writes poems you daren't leave about, they say. I don't know how that is, but there isn't an ounce of harm in him. I know you'll like each other. This is Mr. Hobb, the Labour member; perhaps you've met already. This is Edith, my twin, and this is my father, Mr. Westervelt—Groundhog Westervelt, the boys out there call him."

(All rights reserved)

"Now," pursued Mrs. Winchester, when the business of introducing was over, "it's time we rounded up Bob and Eva."

The party adjourned in search of Eva, Mr. Westervelt, a small, lean gentleman with a large black moustache and very neat and fashionable clothes, walking with Mrs. Mallam and explaining to her that Eva was a Miss Macwilliam, whom his unmarried daughter had met while studying art in Paris, and who was undoubtedly a genius of the highest type. I talked to Mr. Hobb about politics, and the rest of the party conversed amiably as we strolled in the direction of a large barn. "She's most always here,' said Miss Westervelt, thumping on the door with a stick.

The door was opened by a stylish young lady with a face of livid paleness, about which her lank black hair fell in loops. She carried a palette and brushes in one hand, and a cigarette in the corner of her mouth. "Time to knock off?" she inquired in a deep voice.

"Yes," Mrs. Winchester replied. "You've had three hours with your own soul, and now we want you for lunch."

"Oliver Cromwell has been with me this morning," answered Miss Macwilliam. "I've often tried to bring him to me before, but never with any success till now. My portrait of him will be the greatest ever painted, for he never had time in life to give sittings as long as I have had from him to-day. In two days you shall see it." And laying down her palette, she strolled with us toward the house.

Winchester also was busy in his studio; but he was not painting. He was discovered with his son, aged three, who was happily engaged in decorating his father's face with lamp-black, having already fitted him with a cocked hat, constructed of the finest hand-made drawing paper. These adornments Winchester was with difficulty persuaded to remove.

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I am sure Mrs. Mallam will never forget that lunch. It opened with the discovery that the Winchesters, who have always been teetotallers, were now experimenting with vegetarianism. The whole party assured us that they intended never to touch animal food again, having lived according to the Winchester system for a few days. Mrs. Mallam, however, looked so upset at the prospect that Winchester relented to the extent of making her an omelette in a chafing dish; and it looked so good, when ready, that everybody demanded omelette, and our host was kept busy for some time.

Everyone was most kind to Mrs. Mallam. I think they felt gratified at anyone of her indubitable respectability having sought their society. And the odd thing was that Mrs. Mallam herself grew to be more or less at ease, when she was finally convinced, for the first time in her life, that people of eccentric views did not necessarily bite, or borrow money. I doubt if she made much of Professor Kloon's demonstration of the theoretic possibility of turning an orange inside out without injuring the skin; and she cannot have wholly agreed with Mr. Freer's passionate advocacy of his scheme for the regeneration of humanity by a wide extension of the death penalty, and the abolition of all other forms of punishment whatsoever. But she seemed to be interested.

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"I think," said Mrs. Mallam as we went homeward in the train, "your friends are really very nice people, though odd."

It was the highest compliment ever paid to the social charm of Upper Bohemia.

Photo by *Walker*

Opening of Barmouth Public Library, the gift of the late Miss Frances Power Cobbe

Many literary celebrities were present at the opening of the library on July 7. The ceremony was performed by Sir Lewis Morris, who was supported by Mrs. Flora Annie Steele, Miss Hearne ("Marianne Farningham"), W. R. M. Wynne, Esq., the Lord-Lieutenant of Merionethshire, and Thomas Edwards, Esq., the High Sheriff

The LIBRARY.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Swinburne's Collected Poems." Vo. II. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.* net.)

"Titian." By Dr. Georg Gronau. Illustrated. ("The Library of Art." Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Japan by the Japanese." Edited by Mr. Alfred Stead. (Heinemann: £1 1*s.*)

"A Diary of the Plague Year." By Daniel Defoe. (Newnes' Thin Paper Classics: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FICTION

"In Dewisland." By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Mystery of the Bungalow." By Weatherby Chesney. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Arrol's Engagement." By Charlotte May Kingsley. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

A Novel of Modern Adventure

"A Weaver of Webs." (Methuen: 6*s.*)

It is in no spirit of cavil that one recognises Mr. John Oxenham's latest novel as belonging to the agreeable school that Mr. Hope popularised a few years ago. The splendid wandering Englishman, Basil Reigne, the cultivated Duchess who leads her social world, the Archdukes, and the divine Princess—saved in a thousand ways by the heroic English gentleman, who is nearly done for again and again by the clever—wonderfully clever—wicked Count. All these people sound a little like the old marionettes, whose marchings we have watched a thousand times. But Mr. Oxenham is a skilful story teller. He renews the life of these people, and makes them dance for us to a tasteful and invigorating tune. "A Weaver of Webs" is a delightful holiday book; if one wants to be lazy under the summer trees, Basil Reigne will do all the work for you. He thinks nothing of hunger and fatigue. It is little to him not to have eaten for thirty-six hours, for he is the arch type of the happy man, favoured by the Fates and beloved by beauty in distress. At the end of several days' labour, which would have disposed of Hercules:

> He ate like a starving man, tumbled into a hot bath, tied a wet towel round his burning head, slept without a break for twenty-four hours, and woke refreshed.

Can you imagine a more delightful companion for a sunny afternoon? And then the graceful and histrionic villain, Count Szarvas—but it will not do to tell you too much about him or we shall show you the inside of the plot of which he is the weaver with Mr. Oxenham's cunning help. You must await that "great unravelling," as the author says, which comes so pat towards the end. The ladies of the book are all cleverly drawn—who would not die for Princess Marie or fail to sympathise with the beautiful singer, Adela Melita, and her sailor Arch-Duke. These lonely people are made even more superb to us by the fine drawings with which Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen graces many of the chapters, and realises, far better than most readers' eyes can do, the beauty and drama of the tale in lighter mood, the story of how Basil Reigne came to marry the

From "A Weaver of Webs" (Methuen)

"She sang them 'Home, Sweet Home,' in that wonderful voice that had thrilled every civilised country and had brought the whole world to her feet"

Princess Marie Obdanovitch is destined to give no small amount of pleasure to the lovers of the novel of modern adventure. E. M.

Americana

"Pa Gladden: The Story of a Common Man." By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. (Hodder and Stoughton: London.)

Among the many delightful stories that have come to us of late years from across the water, that of the old American farmer, "Pa Gladden" must be given a high place. It is full of that particular form of religion which, perhaps, on this side of the Atlantic is only found amongst the Presbyterians of Scotland. In English country life, Church swamps everything, and such stories as make up this book would be in the highest degree unnatural. But in America, as in a lesser degree in Scotland, the farmers and peasantry make their religion for themselves. It is intimate, personal, and absolutely without affectation. It forms a great, perhaps the greater, part of the lives of those who uphold it, and it co-exists with a good deal of naïve worldliness.

This is the atmosphere in which Pa Gladden, a true saint, if ever there was one, and "considerable of a humourist," as he himself might have said, lives and moves. We see him in his home, in his fields, at meeting, always with a cheery outlook on the erring world, and always uplifted by his deep sense of spiritual things. He reminds us somewhat of his first cousins, to whom we have been introduced by the kailyard school of fiction. But there is a cloying sentimentality about the best of the kailyarders which is entirely absent from these pages. There is a chapter which describes Pa Gladden praying for rain after a very severe drought. Which of the kailyarders could have resisted bringing in a cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" somewhere in the course of the story? Certainly not Mr. Crockett, who is bound hand and foot to the obvious Scriptural phrase, certainly not Ian Maclaren, possibly not even Mr. Barrie. The development of this story of "The Drought" is one of the best things in this book, and mention must be made of the amusing story, "The Old Dragon," in which three theological students, coming "on approval," as it were, to preach in Long Valley, each gave out the same text, and preached the same sermon, which each of them had bought from a sermon agency, mistrusting their own powers. But there is not a chapter in this delightful book which is not worth reading, and we can cordially recommend "Pa Gladden" to our readers. A. M.

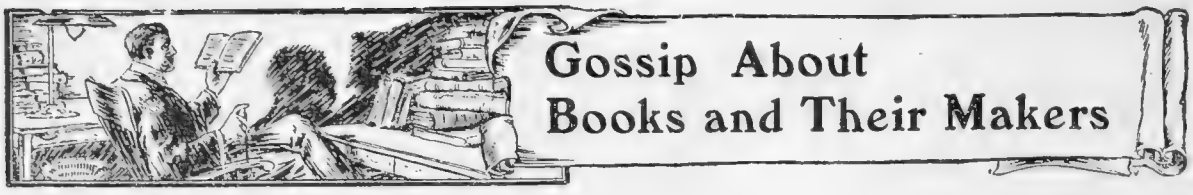
Books to Appear Shortly

Siberia is not generally regarded as one of the leading agricultural countries in the world, but that is what the author of a new book of "Travel, Exploration, and Climbing in Siberia," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation, attempts to prove. The chief industry of the mixed races of Siberia, it appears, is dairy-farming, and they send us butter by the ton. Mr. Samuel Turner has had exceptional opportunities of observing the social and industrial conditions of this immense country, and his pioneer explorations have taken him over many untrodden parts. He describes his unaccompanied climbs in some mountains which he discovered in one of the ranges of the Altai Mountains, about 800 miles off the track of the Great Siberian Railway, from a point about 2,500 miles from Moscow. One of his winter journeys was of 1,600 miles on sledge, drosky, and horseback, extending beyond the nomad bark hut settlements, and including 250 miles through country which has never been visited by any other European, even in summer. The author took his camera with him, and illustrates his book with his own photographs.

The late Mr. Lawrence Hutton was up to the time of his death engaged in reading the proofs of "The Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities," the last of a delightful series of books in which he had collected all the literary associations of London, Oxford, Edinburgh, Venice, Rome, Florence, and even Jerusalem. The new work will be published by Messrs. Putnam in the autumn, together with two volumes of personal reminiscences by the same writer, who was one of the best-known critics and authors in America. For twelve years he had been literary editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and in 1901 was appointed Lecturer on English Literature at Princeton University. Mr. Hutton had spent the last winter in collecting materials for these volumes of reminiscences, and had been assisted by Mrs. Isabel Moore, who made notes from his conversation when Mr. Hutton was too ill to write himself. The task was completed on June 1, only a few days before the author's death.

An early autumn book will be an English translation by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch of "The Life and Letters of Tchaikovsky," the composer, a recent work which has created great interest in musical circles on the Continent. The most remarkable feature of the book is a selection from Tchaikovsky's correspondence with his beloved benefactress and friend, Frau von Meck, to whom, though he poured out his soul to her with a lover's frankness, he was personally an utter stranger. It transpires that both correspondents, quite at the beginning of their friendship, had entered into an agreement to safeguard their ideal relationship by never meeting. The book, which has been written by the author's brother, also includes many letters to Tolstoy and other celebrities.

The title of the new romance which Miss Corelli has completed, and which Messrs. Methuen will publish in the course of a few weeks, is now settled. It is "God's Good Man: a Simple Love Story." The novel, which is one of considerable length, is more on the lines of "Thelma" than any book which Miss Corelli has written since the publication of that story.



"The Queen's Quair"

One may suppose that any new romance by Mr. Maurice Hewlett is assured of a ready welcome, and for that reason it is safe to prophesy that "The Queen's Quair" will be one of the best-read books of the season. Yet am I left with the impression that it is scarcely so good an effort at romance as his "Richard Yea-and-Nay." I do not agree altogether with the critics who show a disposition to gird at Mr. Hewlett for affections of style; if certain other writers, who have the fortitude to attempt historical romance, had one tithe of his artistry of words it would be a matter of congratulation, as no writer of our times has more successfully wedded his manner to his matter. Steeped in the lore of the Middle Ages, we might almost say of him that he thinks mediævally (if I may adapt a famous phrase of Mr. Chamberlain's), and his style is most cunningly contrived to create the proper atmosphere for his romantic inventions. His new romance of that old, sad tragedy of Scotland's Mary strikes me as uncomfortably long, and somewhat too involved in plot and counterplot; but perhaps these suggested defects are in reality proof that the work is really a near approach to true romance, of the essence of which are involution and inconsequence. Perhaps, too, the subject was not so closely fitted to Mr. Hewlett's peculiar genius as was the life and death of Richard Yea-and-Nay, where he could work in the pure element of romance native to the clear atmosphere of mediæval times and deeds of derring-do.

Photo by *Bassano*

Mr. Maurice Hewlett

Author of "Richard Yea-and-Nay," "The Forest Lovers," and "The Queen's Quair," the latter of which has just been published

Mr. Maurice Hewlett

I never see Mr. Hewlett in Clubland, or hear him give an after-dinner speech—which, by the way, he can do with a ready grace—but I have the feeling that he would make a splendid Mephistopheles! His sallow complexion, his arching black eyebrows, and the glittering dark eyes beneath, with an eminent nose, black, upturned moustache and tufted chin, seem to my fancy to lack only the traditional red costume, and lo! there stands a perfect make-up for the part of Mephisto. For all his foreign appearance, Mr. Hewlett comes of good old English stock, and, like so many of our authors, qualified for literature by being called to the Bar. He was born in 1861 and, as a youth, had scribbler's itch badly. He himself has confessed that when he should have been undergoing the conventional education of a young English gentleman, "I wasted my time, I dreamed, I tried to do things too big for me, and threw them up at the first failure; I diligently pursued every false god; I don't think I was very happy, and I am sure I was very disagreeable; I doubt now if I was ever a boy, except for a short period, when by rights I should have been a man." Still, his temperament has worked out pretty well for him and for us, as he belongs to the minority who grow younger as they age, and it is from such that the true stuff of romance may be had. He had written and lectured a good deal, chiefly on mediæval thought and art, before his first book, that collection of delicious Italian studies entitled, "Earthwork out of Tuscany," published in 1895, brought his name into eminence on both sides of the Atlantic, and especially in America, where it had a more immediate success than at home. "The Forest Lovers," which appeared six years ago, was, however, the book wherein he found himself, and wherewith his popularity as a novelist may be said to have been established. From 1896 to 1900 Mr. Hewlett occupied the post of keeper of Land Revenue Records and Enrolments, but since then his days have been devoted entirely to literature and travel.

Books of Travel

I have just been wayfaring in the most historic part of Western France: the region of the Loire and through La Vendée, and, following my

practice of reading everything I can find about the district in which I have been journeying, I have just made a first acquaintance with one of Miss Betham-Edwards's best books on France, "A Year in Western France," which, although written twenty-seven years ago, is still remarkably accurate in detail, and conveys a graphic and truthful impression of lower Brittany and La Vendée. I am glad to know that this charming writer on French life is at work on an important study of contemporary France from the domestic side, to be entitled "Our French Neighbours at Home." But it seems to me that there has been no greater change in the literary tastes of the public than that affecting the kind of travel book with which the name of Miss Betham-Edwards is so pleasantly associated. A quarter of a century ago narratives of quiet travel and observation among the peoples of the Continent formed a regular feature of every publishing season, and books of the kind were so abundant that one is bound to think they must have been not unprofitable to publish, while the magazines of those days were always rich in sketches of travel. But now, alas! no form of article is less in demand by magazine editors, no books are so difficult to publish with success. In order to attract attention, the traveller must do something odd: wheel a barrow, with his wife in it, from Paris to Rome, or walk on his hands and knees across France—there, by jingo! is a sure and certain path to literary fame.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

"Benjamin Swift"

Author of "Nancy Noon," "Sordon," "The Eternal Conflict," etc.

The Vice of Making Notes

It does seem to me a pity that the demand for these pleasant old books has declined, or that they can only be commercially successful by the writer sinking himself into the position of henchman to some clever artist whose sketches may sell a volume during the present craze for beautifully produced picture books. Even R. L. Stevenson's charming books of travel only became popular after he had made a name for himself in fiction, although they are among the best and most characteristic works of his pen. Mention of R. L. S. in this connection reminds me of a recent article in one of the reviews, in which the writer denounced very heartily "the vice of making notes." It had always seemed to me that to make elaborate notes, and especially for a narrative of travel, was an unwise procedure, if the essential impression of things seen was to be conveyed to the reader. All that is really permanent in one's experience of travel is unforgettable, and for that reason not needful to be noted at the moment; while the habit of note-making tends to magnify impressions which are scarcely worthy of record. Thus there is a sense in which the writer who has made elaborate notes must, when he comes to the actual writing, exercise a greater art than the one who writes from memory, if he is to be equally successful. Stevenson, however, seems to me to have been most minute in the notes of his travel, but, with exquisite art, to have selected only the impressions of permanent value, and by means of his notes to have invested them with a vividness of detail which suggests a singularly retentive memory for the emotions of nature; in a word, to conceal art by art. There are numberless passages in his "Travels in the Cevennes," describing scenes which I have compared on the spot with his written words, and I am convinced that without full notes he could not have come so near to nature, but without genius his notes might well have done him more harm than good.

"Benjamin Swift"

On the 29th of this month that brilliant and original novelist who writes under the name of Benjamin Swift, will celebrate his thirty-third birthday. My congratulations to him, and when is he going to give us that really great book which we feel he is capable of writing? He is still young enough to do great things, as he was only twenty-five when he made something of a stir with "Nancy Noon," but despite the cleverness of that and most of his subsequent novels, he has not yet quite come into his kingdom. A popular novelist in the vulgar sense he is never likely to be, as he is too deeply psychological, too philosophical, for the feminine patrons of the circulating library; but of his insight and art there can be no doubt, though he is at times inclined to dangerous experiment, as in "Sordon," that gloomy study of physical disease. I have a suspicion that he does not take his work in fiction quite seriously enough; that his own inclination is rather towards the essay, of which he has given us a brilliant example in "The Eternal Conflict"; wherein his close study of German philosophy is turned to excellent purpose. "Benjamin Swift" is in private life Mr. W. R. Paterson; he is a native of Glasgow, but now resides at Hampstead. He was a distinguished scholar of the university of his native town, has travelled widely on the Continent, is an accomplished linguist, and one of the most brilliant conversationalists in literary London.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

"Is Golf a Game for Very Hot Weather?"

"Man never is, but always to be blest." Last year we were bewailing our watery fate under the relentless downpour, and green-keepers and golfers were mourning over the sodden greens and marshy courses, which the former had to endeavour to keep in decent order and the latter had to wade (not play) over. This year a change has come over the spirit of our dreams, and a real old English summer is threatening to bake greens and courses out of existence. What led me to head this article with the famous quotation was a remark made to me by a friend during the course of a round on one of the scorching days of this month. He started brilliantly, but gradually tailed off, until towards the end of the round he was barely able to hit the ball. He heaved a hot and oppressed sigh of relief as we putted out on the last green, and explained that the heat had been too much for him. "Golf," said he, "is not a game for very hot weather, it is not an active enough game." By "not active enough" he meant that the proper game for great heat was either lawn tennis or rackets, or some allied game, for which the player prepares a special costume, and after which he retires to the bathroom.

Ancient Prejudice

Personally, being of a salamander-like nature, I love the hot weather and enjoy my golf most when the thermometer is striking very high zones. But, as the serpent remarked, when he shed his skin, one must try to get outside oneself at times, and more particularly when attempting to settle a question of this sort. A great deal, of course, depends on the individual, and more still depends on the manner in which one plays the game. We all have heard of the young man who, when asked whether he played golf, remarked: "No, I am keeping that for my old age." But that remark was made in the early days of golf in the south, and I very much doubt whether any youth as ignorant of golf as the above-quoted saying proved that particular individual to be, could be found nowadays. Should any such strange being still exist, I should be glad to invite him to walk round with Jack White during a final round of the Championship, when that player has a winning score in hand, and is on his game, and would confidently ask him at the end of the round whether he did not now consider golf was not only a very severe form of exercise, but also a very swift and active form to boot.

A Game Suitable for all Weathers

But while the highest forms of golf are only for the strong and the active, still the game can be played at so many different ratios of speed that all ages can delight in it. It can be played on a hot day at such a speed that the player at the close will be just as glad to retire to the bathroom as he would be after a struggle at tennis. On the other hand, if he likes to take his round slowly, and arm himself with a good sun umbrella, he can keep perfectly cool, and still play all his strokes with zest, keenness, and muscular energy. The ratio of speed all depends on the player. Some golfers are never content unless they can get round so quickly that they can manage three or even more rounds a day. These are the gluttons of the game. On the other hand, there are many who prefer to take things leisurely, and to the annoyance of our gluttonous friends, block up the course by taking three hours over their solitary morning round.

"Will you walk a little faster"

There is a good story told of an encounter between two extreme exponents of the swift and slow school. The quick player had the misfortune to be behind the slow one, and vainly endeavoured to hasten his sluggish progress by driving into him at various points of the round. After several such shots the ire of the sluggard was aroused, and he sent back his caddy with the following message to the impatient golfer whose progress he was blocking. "Tell Mr. Jones, with my compliments, that I know I am a very slow player, but that he does not know how *much slower I can be if I try.*" History relates that Mr. Jones thereupon desisted from any more persuading shots at his slow enemy, in terror of greater slowness still.

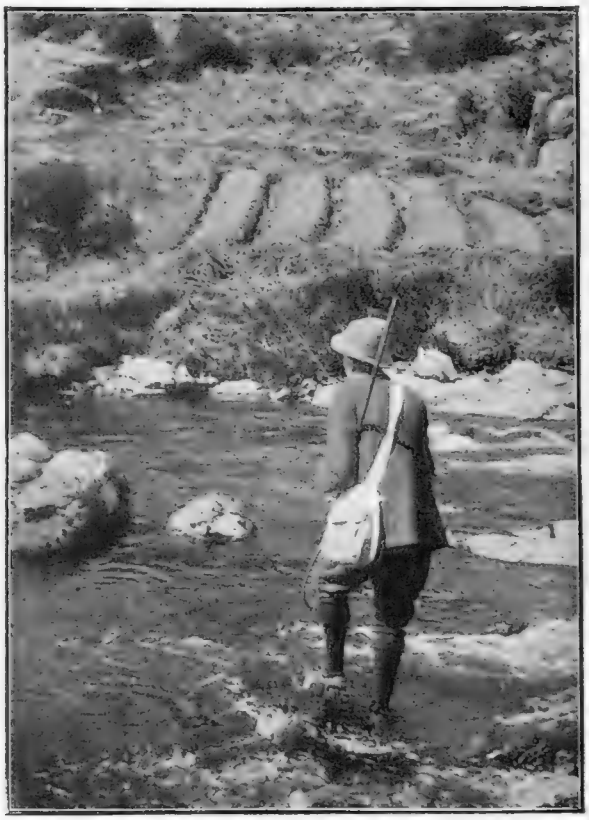
The Infinite Variety of Golf

To me the great charm of golf consists in this possibility of varying the pace of the game according either to the weather or one's own mood. This very variety differentiates it from all other games, and makes it so pre-eminently adapted for all ages and sexes. It can be as severe a form of exercise as any young man can wish for, and can also be toned down to the requirements of a child or an old man. Therefore, I disagree with my friend, and consider it a game most eminently suitable for very hot weather, provided that one suits one's costume to the prevailing temperature. Perhaps, in my own case, my middle-aged bones require a very hot sun to bring back some faint semblance of that lissomeness which made the swish of the tee shot such a delight in the old days before *tempus edax rerum* had stiffened bone and muscle and made them one's masters instead of one's servants. No one who was at Sandwich during what I have heard called "the fortnight's debauch of golf" of the two Championships could possibly retain any foolish delusion as to golf being anything but a very strong and forcible form of exercise.

Ernest Lehmann

ANGLING IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND

A difficult place to negotiate



A likely spot—Clydagh

Photos by

Into the net

Longfield

A twenty-pounder from Blackwater, Co. Kerry

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

Pneumatics in Trouble

The pneumatic tyre is in trouble again, and seems to be found guilty in nearly every accident, getting about as much justice as a motorist before the Kingston Bench. The sad death of Beconnais and his mechanician, near Bordeaux, is a case in point. The tyre burst, say the papers, and the car overturned. An easy explanation, for it involves no blame to the manufacturer of the car, nor to the driver; the burst tyre, however, is, as a rule, subsidiary to the real cause of the accident, due either to a collision or a breakage of part of the chassis; the steering gear gives way, perhaps, the front wheels turn sideways, and while the inevitable smash is occurring, a tyre is torn off and bursts, yet, while the tyre has nothing to do with the accident, it has to take the blame. Having seen the terrific strain imposed upon the tyres of a racing car, as she swings at over fifty miles an hour round a corner, the whole car skidding across the road as the wheels endeavour to grip and hold their course, and having been present when a daring driver comes racing down at seventy or eighty miles an hour into a control, and, in his anxiety to save time, pulls up as quickly as he can, the brakes half jamming the wheels over fifty yards of gravelly surface, I have a wholesome respect for the power of good pneumatics, and feel bound to take their part; an opinion which was confirmed by the severe tests, of which I was a witness, made by Mr. S. F. Edge, at the Crystal Palace.

Motorists and the French Customs
Sealing a motor-car about to cross the frontier

What the Tests Show

These severe tests conclusively show that the puncturing or the bursting of a tyre is not such a terrible thing as it is supposed to be, and that, at any rate, at speeds up to forty-five or fifty miles an hour it practically makes no difference to the control of a car whether the tyres are punctured, burst, or actually off the wheels. Much of the nervous feeling that has undoubtedly been engendered by erroneous reports of motor-car accidents should now vanish.

Stronger Tyres

While on the subject of tyres, I would urge the fitting of tyres and inner tubes of voiture strength on cars weighing over 15 cwt. The increased durability and saving in trouble outweigh the extra expense.

Grit Inside Tyres

After a puncture, or when changing tyres, a good plan to ensure that no particles of grit are present, is to pass a wet sponge or damp cloth round the inside of the outer cover before the inner tube is put in. Take care, too, that the tube is put in without kink or twist, and with the usual dose of French chalk.

Evening Speed

The better running of the petrol engine after sunset is producing discussion. Two reasons at once suggest themselves—first, that the engine is more efficient on account of its keeping

The Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Gifford on their 12 h.-p. Sunbeam car

Winners of the Point-to-Point Competition in Grimsthorpe Park on the occasion of the Lincolnshire Automobile Club Meet

cooler; second, that the darkness impresses the passengers with a sense of greater speed. While admitting these two as contributing causes, I am inclined to think that the main cause is to be found in the difference of the mixture.

Dry Air

The hotter the atmosphere the more water vapour it holds in suspension, and conversely when the air is cooled, as night draws on, the water vapour is deposited in the form of dew, and the atmosphere is drier. This drier air combines more readily with petrol, resulting in a better mixture and a more powerful explosion.

The 1905 Gordon Bennett

Motor-racing is not dead yet, for the Club has decided to challenge for next year's race. The Wolseley Company and Mr. S. F. Edge are going to compete, and that good sportsman, Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, has given the Siddeley Company an order for a racer. The Club has been careful, however, to make a rule that any racing cars that are caught driving on English roads over the legal limit will be disqualified. The tuning up will have to be done elsewhere.

Motor Boats

On the 26th and 27th insts. the A.C.G.B.I. hold the first reliability trial for motor boats in Southampton Water. On the 29th inst. the British eliminating trials for the International motor boat race takes place, and on the 30th comes the race itself; while on August 8 there is the big cross Channel race from Calais to Dover. These three fixtures are enough to show that the speed launch is rapidly coming to the front, and really, apart from the excitement of racing—it is attractive from the fact that it makes cruising possible without the expense of a number of paid hands—the light draught of these boats enables them to explore practically the whole of our coast line and tidal rivers, while the absence of punctures and dust will appeal especially to car owners. If a new sect springs up we shall want a label for them, so what's the matter with "Motor-Boatorist"?

Driving to the Public Danger

There is a marked inclination, especially in Surrey, to secure convictions, not on the grounds of driving over the speed limit of twenty miles an hour, but on the simple statement of a couple of policemen who, without any measured distance or any stop-watch, calmly accuse the motorist of driving to the public danger. Should you have a hand camera on board when stopped under this charge, a photo of the road quickly taken would afford important evidence of the amount of traffic on the road at the time. Failing this, the motorist should endeavour to secure the names and addresses of any witnesses who may have been present, and if he pulled up quickly he should measure the distance the car travelled before the brakes brought it to a stop. On June 13, in the Hadlington Court, Sheriff Macleod decided that two witnesses are necessary for everything the police wish to prove in speed limit cases. While

the actual meaning of the law is still doubtful, yet, when one is accused of exceeding the legal limit, this suggests a sound line of defence.

Police Traps

I intend giving, week by week, a list of places where a little extra attention from the police may be expected, and I hope that my readers will help me to make this as complete and reliable as possible by sending me early particulars of the places where the local "Sergeant Brue" and his officers anxious for promotion are holding their speed trials.

BE CAREFUL

Between Lancaster Gate and Queen's Road Tube stations.
In Richmond Park (where 10 mile limit is strictly enforced).
In Hyde Park—measured distance between Grosvenor and Stanhope Gates.
Down Kingston Hill.
Top of Putney Hill, going towards Kingston.
Along the Portsmouth Road, from Kingston to the reservoir.
At the top of Esher Village.
The fair mile, Cobham, and Pain's Hill Bridge just beyond.
In Ripley (here the road is partially up).
Barnes Common (measured furlong).
Bottom of a hill at Merstham.
Near the Post Office at Water-Newton (81 miles from London).
Telephonic trap between Tring and Berkhampstead.
Entering Slough from London, near the Convent.
Bushey to Watford, down Clay Hill.
Braywick, one mile from Maidenhead.
Harrogate Road, between Bull Hotel and North Street, half-mile stretch. Three fines week before last.
(These last three traps were kindly sent in by the Lacre Motor Company, of Poland Street.)

If any motorist who is caught in a regular trap, other than those mentioned above, will at once wire me particulars for insertion in this list, I shall be pleased to forward him for the ensuing twelve weeks a copy of this paper gratis.

The Lincolnshire Automobile Club

The competitions organised in connection with the periodical "meets" of this club prove very popular among the members, and they are always well attended. One of the latest of these took place in Grimsthorpe Park, by permission of Lord Ancaster. The contest took the form of a point-to-point race, regulation speed, of course, being observed. The title of the competition was more suggestive of hunting and steeplechasing than of motoring, and it was rather appropriate, therefore, that it should be won by a lady and gentleman who are ardent followers of the Belvoir Hounds. We refer to the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Gifford, of Grantham. The first-named having had the misfortune to lose his right arm, Mrs. Gifford is invariably seen at the steering wheel when motoring, and in the competition referred to above, she drove the car throughout.

Answers to Correspondents

TOURIST.—There are some races for touring cars at Bexhill on August 1, 2, and 3. The track has now been lengthened, and the races finish uphill instead of down the hill. All particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. E. W. Loveland, 6, St. Leonards Road, Bexhill.

WIMBLEDON.—Yes; 810 m.m. by 90 m.m. voiture tyres will fit into rims which are at present carrying 800 m.m. by 85 m.m. voiturette tyres, and the change is a good one if the car is at all heavy.

PETROL.—The Anglo-American Oil Company have just reduced their prices for Pratt's A by twopence a gallon. The extraordinary differences in the price of this standard article will, however, I suppose, continue. The other day in Ipswich a small dealer on the outskirts asked 1*s.* 5*d.* a gallon, while at a garage inside the town we procured as much as we wanted at 1*s.*

LAUNCH ENGINE.—We can recommend the two-cylinder Daimler, and we hear well of the four-cylinder Mutel engines.

METER.—A good odometer is made for all sizes of wheels by Messrs. Geipel and Lange, 72A, St. Thomas Street, E.C. It has the advantage of a direct and positive action.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

Meet of the Lincolnshire Automobile Club in Grimsthorpe Park

Grimsthorpe Park is the beautiful seat of the Earl of Ancaster

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Ranelagh Tournament: Miss L. M. Gower, Runner-up in the Singles Ladies' Championship

where she beat Miss Gower in the final of the "Ladies' Open Singles." Miss Coote plays a bold dashing game, is a very fine shot, and, at the top of her form, is truly brilliant.

C. E. Willis

We suppose there are few better-known croquet players than C. E. Willis. He is one of the few we have, who was a shining light in the very early days of croquet. From 1877 to 1881 he played at the Sussex County Croquet Club. In 1880 and 1881 he played at Wimbledon, where the 3¾-hooks were being used. He ran second for the Championship in 1881—after winning it in 1880—and then with the majority of the old players renounced the game until W. H. Peel revived it in 1896. Since the revival, C. E. Willis has won "The Gold Medal" three times, in 1896, 1898, and 1900, "The Peel Memorial Handicap" at "owe 2" in 1900, the "Open Championship," Wimbledon, 1887, was second in the "Champion Cup" contest in 1901, and fourth in 1903. He plays a slicing stroke, something between the "side" and "forward." His game is exceedingly neat and finished, and his accuracy wonderful. This year he won the "Opens" at Ascot and Ranelagh, and the "Upper Riverside Challenge Cup" at Roehampton last week. He won the "Open (level) Doubles" at Ranelagh, playing with Miss Coote, and a handicap at Epsom. W. W. B.

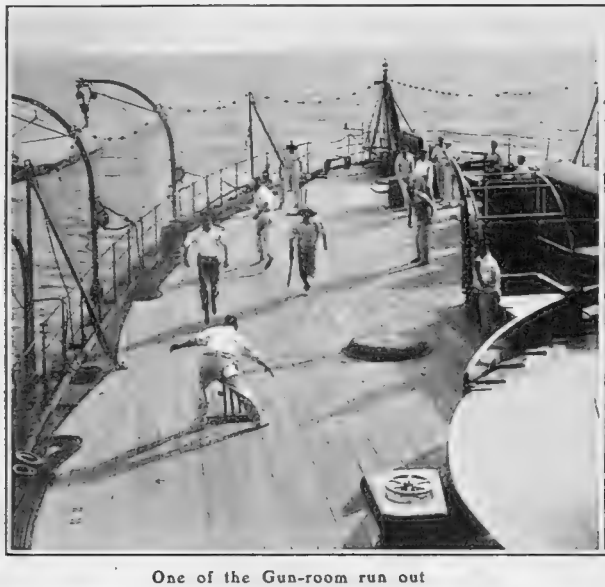
Ranelagh Tournament: C. E. Willis and Miss N. E. Coote, Winners of the Open Mixed Doubles

CRICKET ON A BATTLESHIP: WARD ROOM v. GUN ROOM

WARD ROOM VICTORIOUS BY AN INNINGS AND A FEW RUNS

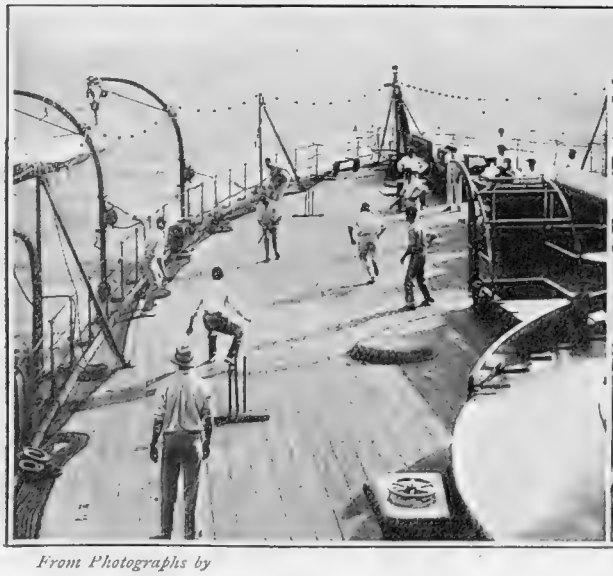
Arranging the Pitch

Gun-room Batting

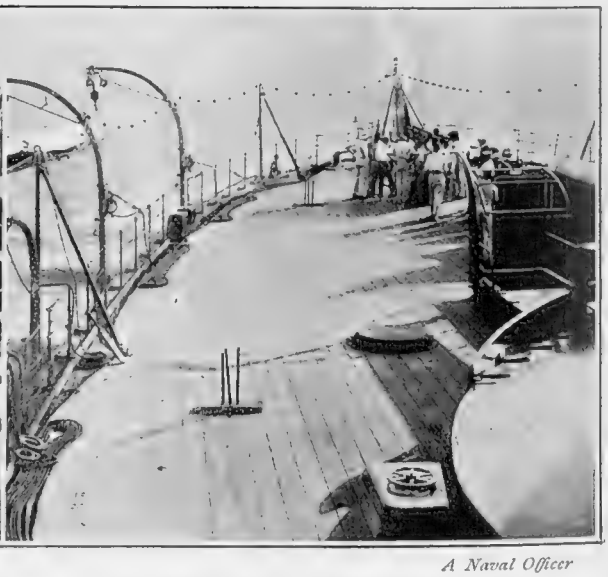


One of the Gun-room run out

One of the Ward-room run out



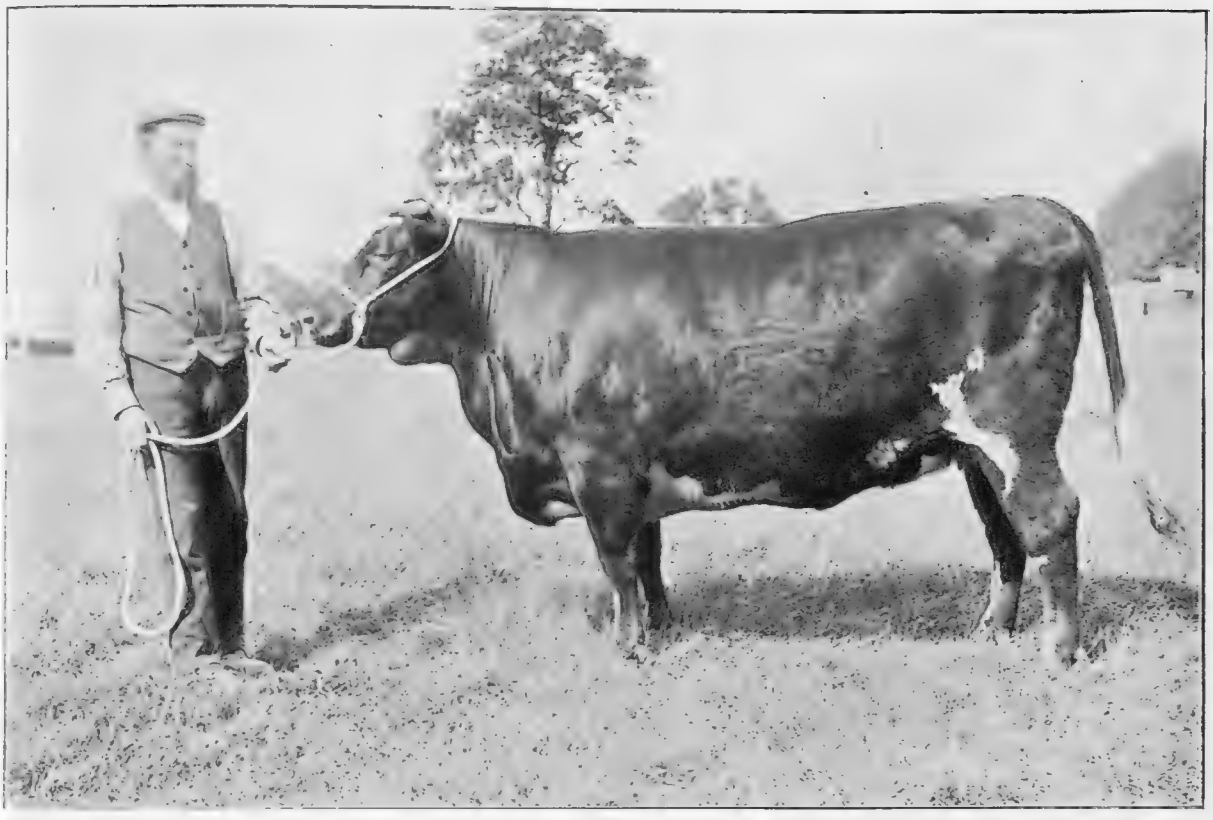
Stealing a run



The Finish: Everyone crowds round the scorer

From Photographs by *A Naval Officer*

THE KING'S PRIZEWINNERS AT THE HIGHLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW, PERTH



The King's Shorthorn, "Sylph"—Champion Cow

The King's Shorthorn Bull, "Ronald"—Champion Prize and President's Medal for best animal of the breed

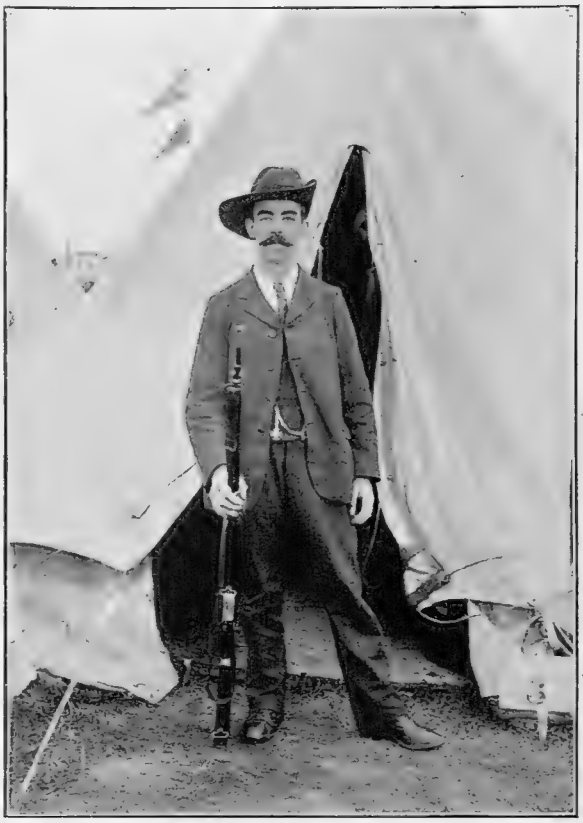
BISLEY: SCENES ABOUT THE CAMP

The Camp Train

General French and Staff examining the Hyposcope

BISLEY: SOME OF THE PRIZEWINNERS

Lance-Corporal Samways, 1st Dorset
Winner of the All Comers' Aggregate (Challenge Cup and £15)



Private A. H. Caplin, 1st V. B. Devon
Winner of the Prince of Wales' Prize (a badge and £100)

Highland Light Infantry
Winners of Lucas Challenge Cup, an inter-Brigade Competition open to one team from each Volunteer Infantry Brigade

SIXTEEN THOUSAND MILES IN A FOURTEEN-TON CUTTER

Arthur Leslie Napper, Skipper of the "Brighton"

The approaching departure of a small cutter of but fourteen tons for the far-away Pacific Ocean, a distance of some 16,000 miles, is an event which commands more than a passing word. The small vessel, manned by but two, naturally created much interest on her arrival at Brighton from Norfolk, and latterly as she lies in Shoreham Harbour, has been observed by many, not only old salts and young, whose province it is to observe everything germane to the deep, but by no less interested land-lubbers.

Arthur Leslie Napper, the owner and chief officer of the cutter, is a smart, fearless, and good-looking man. He has knocked about all portions of the sailable and steamable world, and is thoroughly cognisant of that especial part of the globe to which in a few days he and his companion will set sail.

Langford, the second in command, is the son of the merchant who founded the jewellery business which bears his name in Gresham Street.

Reckoning the daily consumption of meat per man as from ¾ to 1 lb., and that the *Brighton* is being provisioned for a cruise of six months, you will see that room has to be made for at least three hundred and forty pounds of flesh—this will be taken, of course, in tinned meat—and other things, such as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits, in proportion.

To show how practically capable the commander of the tiny cutter is, it is only necessary to mention but one of his contrivances to minimise danger and economise labour. It is an invention which has for its aim the breaking of the force of the waves in case of a mid-ocean storm. Should hurricanes come his way, Napper will meet them, sailor though he be, as a soldier—that is, face to face. A long spar, 15 ft. in length, will float upon the sea, from which, downward to the deep, will depend a heavy canvas bag filled with shot. The intervening space between bag and spar will be furnished with stout canvas. The whole will act as a sort of anchor, to which the bow will be hawsered. Added to this, there will be bags containing oil attached to the spar, and pulleys will enable the navigators to draw in and replenish them at will.

The "Brighton," 14 tons, in Shoreham Harbour
The men are at work overhauling her for the trip

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

[The Editor feels it necessary to disclaim any responsibility for Calpurnia's opinions. It is as well to give a fair contributor who feels she has a mission the opportunity of giving vent to it occasionally. Such outbursts clear the air if they do nothing else.]

On Etiquette

A correspondent has suggested that this page would be more interesting if I would occasionally assign a paragraph or two to points of etiquette, and states in support of her suggestion that we women very frequently discuss these matters among ourselves. I do not wish to say anything to hurt the feelings of my correspondent, but I am bound to confess that my experience differs from hers, and I think that if you were to find two women frequently discussing points of etiquette you would be justified in drawing the conclusion that they were women who were discontented with their position in life, and were striving to imitate the ways of their betters. I don't deny that ways of doing things differ in different classes, or that a rise from one class to another may come through force of circumstances, and with no unworthy and snobbish effort. But in such cases a sensible woman would keep quiet and observe the ways of those about her. I do not know of any other way to "learn how to do things," as my correspondent expresses it.

And its Literature

As for recommending "the best book on the subject," which my correspondent requests, I am afraid I cannot do that either, for I have never read a good book on the subject. The books that are published from time to time seem to be written chiefly with a view to displaying the author's knowledge of a social state above that which she adorns herself, and usually succeed in showing that she knows very little about it. Or else they contain a string of pious maxims instructing the reader to show respect to age, not to take the lion's share in the conversation, always to be punctual, good-tempered, and so on, which have no more to do with etiquette than the Athanasian creed, though equally good in their way. And I much doubt whether a good book on points of etiquette or behaviour could be written. What sort of people could it be written for? For the person who has come to mix in higher social surroundings than she has been accustomed? Perhaps. But how could an author who was competent to give instruction tell what things she wanted to know?

An Instance

I once went to a luncheon party in a seaside town, where the ladies were taken into the dining-room by the men in procession as if it were a dinner party. That might be an instance of a point worth correcting, but how should anyone know that such mistakes were made unless they had happened to come across them? The only person capable of writing a useful book of the sort would be a woman who had lived in very middle-class surroundings, and known all the ways of that class, and then moved up a step and got to know all the ways of a higher class just as intimately.

And a Moral

But, after all, is the thing worth doing at all? Who would buy the book? I should say, not the people to whom it might supply a useful hint here and there, but the lady who, to use an expression known to mothers of young families, wants to "show off" before her acquaintances of her own class. I do abominate an etiquette which is merely formal and has no basis of actual advantage. It is one of the great faults of middle-class life in this country that it is not content with adapting its sociabilities to its own natural habits, but must ape the ways of those who live another life altogether. Amongst the leisured classes even the most elaborate entertainment of guests has some sort of bearing on the ordinary social intercourse of those classes, and is carried out with that object in view. But sociability seems to be the last thing to be thought of in a suburban dinner-party. I use the word suburban without offence. I have lived in a pleasant suburb of London, and enjoyed the literary and artistic society there immensely. But the gatherings I enjoyed were those which arose naturally out of the ordinary life of my fellow suburbanites; those with whose thoughts and ideas I was in sympathy, and not the great, stiff, ostentatious dinners given by "The Climbers," in which the principle seemed to be, "You give me a very expensive meal, quite unlike the one you usually enjoy, and I'll give you one in return." I never did give them one, and I ate theirs as seldom as possible, but the memory of those terrible functions abides by me still.

On Dinner Parties

But some nice, unaffected lady, living in the suburbs, with no thought of display in her mind, may say, "Why shouldn't we have dinner parties, just like anyone else?" My answer to that is, that the people to whom a dinner party is a natural way of entertaining their friends, are the people whose own daily dinner is somewhat elaborate, and who are in the way of seeing a great many people constantly, and, above all, who have the houses and the servants suitable for doing things on a fairly large scale. To such people it is not going out of the way to provide a dinner for a large number of guests, and it is a natural way of seeing their friends. In a small house it is not natural to turn the whole establishment upside down in order to feed twenty people, whom one does not particularly want to see, instead of four or five who might be asked for the pleasure of their society. Ask your friends to dine with you by all means; but ask them because you want to enjoy their society, and don't ask twenty or thirty at a time, and wear yourself out by providing an elaborate meal, which is far in excess of anything you or they are accustomed to in your ordinary daily life.

CALPURNIA.

The Connoisseur.

Old Gardens and their Gods

With the enthusiastic revival of the cult of the garden, and the study of decorated parks and terraces, such as the Italians have always loved, the taste for carved marble and stone garden ornaments has grown with great rapidity, and has, apparently, come to stay. Early in the season, a sun-dial from Daniel Defoe's garden brought thirty-six guineas at auction, and a leaden copy of a famous Venus was knocked down for ninety guineas, and so on with a number of eighteenth century pieces that have lain idle and neglected these many years.

The most successful and popular of our own men devoted to garden statuary was, perhaps, Sir Henry Cheere, 1703-1781, the pupil of Scheemakers and the master of Roubillac, who, later, eclipsed his fame. At one time, in England, in the eighteenth century, no modest garden was without one or more of Cheere's excellent copies of the gods and goddesses of other days, often fitted to examples of older garden decoration which the travelled owner had brought from those happy hunting-grounds, the cities of Italy, or the far-off groves of Greece. But in England the garden that the gods loved died young, although it is now entering upon a new and even more successful avatar. The neo-classicism fostered by many cultivated men as well as by the oft-quoted brothers Adam, lived a little while, then fell into gloom and almost funereal melancholy. And with it passed the taste in classic decoration of the garden.

A Shepherd of Arcady—in stone

A Garden Goddess

But now the old work in lead, bronze, stone, marble, and terra-cotta has historic interest added to its often beautiful qualities. If one would judge of its æsthetic value, we know of no better collection than can now be seen in the excellently adapted galleries of Mr. Charles, in Brook Street. Here the cool feeling of a bygone day, the quiet atmosphere of gardens long since demolished and laid low, is revived; the spirit of classic beauty shows again in the fine well-heads from Italy, and the broadly decorated fountains and ponds of old France. Here Bouchardon, with his superb Louis XIV. stone terminals and his great figures—

> " . . . . With splendid tresses plaited,
> Back from the brows, imperially curled;
> Calm as a grand, far-looking Caryatid,
> Holding the roof that covers in the world."

Of course, with all these garden ornaments, it is rather a little, make-believe world, that belongs to them, but then that is just what the ideal garden or home park should be.

Watteau, Lancret, and Pater have shown us delightful places in which these French fountains and vases are charmingly decorative backgrounds to the gay trooping of ladies in silks and lace.

Pair of Carved Figures, 3ft. 6in. high, in Italian White Marble

It is that kind of delicate, cool world of leisure and sprightly merriment to which this collection of sylvan deities, dancing fauns, wood gods, and amusing satyrs belongs. Pan lives again here; he lies ready for future service, half hidden in some brook that runs through the gardens of the great ones of the earth; Ceres and Psyche, with the sweetest smiles, wait here until called upon again to grace the far-off lawns of some rustic English paradise; many a statue is graced with naiad airs that will soon be seen to even greater advantage in the natural setting of river and pond; beckoning Cupids and charming little boys, busy with fine shells, linger here on their way to some fountain that will be set up in the fortunate isles that belong to the cultivated rich. Mr. Charles has formed a sort of clearing-house for the gods and goddesses of the old-fashioned garden world, and all who are interested in them and in their appanages, the classic fountain, the broad and decorative stone seat, the antique cisterns and well-heads, and terraces and carven steps, that keep them company, will greatly enjoy a quiet hour in his galleries.

E. M.

(The illustrations of Garden Statuary are from originals in the collection of Mr. Charles, Brook Street)

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

We are discussing our weekly chat in a garden of roses, a garden with an Italian pergola, and a lovely herbaceous border that is verily replete with promise for the early autumn. The pergola is overrun with a tangle of crimson ramblers, and the fair *chatelaine* of all these floral joys presents, for the moment, a picture of cool elegance in a soft trailing gown of pale mauve silk muslin, and a shady hat ruched and tied under the chin with lace lappets, *à la* Morland.

A tender shade of mauve I am observing expresses a singularly cooling influence. Though how much, after all, depends on the wearer.

We were lunching the other day, Ambrosine and I (it was a woman's lunch, by the way, where the talk tempered, or perhaps encouraged, by a delicious hock cup, in which floated strawberries and other cool green things, never once degenerated into gossip, wherein it differed from that usually observed in several high and mighty houses to which we have a privileged entrance). To return, however, to this particular party, of whom the guests numbered, among others, two distinctly portly ladies. They were both comparatively young, and, Ambrosine and I believe they would have about balanced on the scales; but whereas one—closely clad, for the most part, in navy blue voile, that ran into a superfluity of parti-coloured embroideries, with the crowning edifice of a hat that seemed to be drawing her very eyebrows upwards, and carried a literal flower-stall of sweet peas—seemed on the very verge of apoplexy, the other looked the epitome of cool elegance in a pale blue lawn, inset everywhere with waved lines of white *broderie Anglaise*, and a very featherweight of a pale blue tulle hat softly veiled in white Brussels appliqué lace. There might, as Ambrosine agreed, be a certain amount of personality about it, but, outwardly and physically, the race was even.

For Seaside wear: A chic, white linen costume, hand-embroidered with raised Swiss work

But it is no time for argument; I am ready to accept any policy so long as it points to peace. And the moment seems singularly propitious to discuss the indisputable successes of

Mrs. Adair

Success has a cooling, conclusive sound, and those who are prepared to wax incredulous as to our statement that Mrs. Adair, who, it may be explained, is a face specialist, has written some extraordinarily conclusive opinions on the care of the skin, had best go and investigate the matter for themselves at 90, New Bond Street, or, if any reader chances to be in Paris, at 5, Rue Cambon. As serious and incessant motorists, and my particular lot, moreover, having been cast into that of the scribes, we have only one word for Mrs. Adair's treatment, and that is unqualified praise.

Additionally to the customary massage, although that, by the way, is a quite individual "tapping" and strapping method, Mrs. Adair holding strenuous views against stretching the skin, there is a special eye treatment. Now it is a pretty well-attested fact that nothing so quickly advertises the wear and tear of life as the eyes. By reason of the shrinking of the eyelids, together with a dulness of the pupil, advanced age becomes a real terror, for its inroad is so terribly obvious. There is, however, no question but that Mrs. Adair has not only discovered a specific, but one that is at the same time perfectly hygienic. It was a subject demanding the utmost delicacy of attack, and this has been achieved by means of massage, aided by some wonderful *bandelettes*, comprising a certain 'oreign meal and a

THE
BYSTANDER
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No. 34.—Vol. III. Wednesday, July 27, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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BETWEEN CIRENCESTER & OXFORD.—To be SOLD, an excellent Residential and Sporting ESTATE, extending over some 1,200 acres, with fine old Tudor Manor House, with moderate accommodation. Also including a village, a mile of private fishing, water mill, etc. —Full details, with plan, of the Agents, as above. (12,354)

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Commanding Extensive Views. 20 Acres. Lake, Stabling.

A CHARMING RESIDENCE, in perfect repair, for DISPOSAL, standing high in well wooded & laid out grounds of nearly 20 acres; 14 bed & dressing, 3 baths, & 6 very fine reception rooms. Beautiful winter gardens, capital offices, stabling for 8, 3 cottages. There is a large orchard, walled-in kitchen garden, Italian garden, 4 conservatories, & 2 large vineries.

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PORCHESTER TERRACE.—£260 per annum will rent a capital corner RESIDENCE, containing: 8 bed, 2 bath, & 3 reception rooms, fitted with every modern convenience. Premium £1,000, which includes all the very fine fixtures & fittings. (40,122)

REGENT'S PARK.—£2,500 would be considered for a delightful HOUSE, standing in well-wooded grounds of 2½ acres; 8 bed, 2 bath, 6 reception rooms; stabling. Rent, £230. (40,127)

GROUNDS 1 ACRE.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD (close to Lord's).—£1,500 will secure the 32-years' lease of a very choice medium-sized HOUSE, standing in an acre of ground. 7 bed, bath, & 3 magnificent reception rooms. Rent, £187. (40,138)

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HERTS (G.N.R., 4½ miles of a station).—To be SOLD, an important Sporting & Residential DOMAIN, of about 1,700 acres, old red-brick MANSION, standing high, overlooking magnificent views: square hall, billiard, 4 reception, 20 bedrooms, stabling for 7, several cottages and farms, well let. Price, £45,000. (12,340)

SOUTH WALES (close to station).—Furnished for summer this old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 5 reception, 12 bedrooms. Stabling, charming grounds. Private trout fishing, golf. Rent 10 gs. a week. (12,232)

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Cowes, Isle of Wight.—The finest situation in the island; grand views over the Solent, embracing Southampton Water and the wooded Hampshire coast.

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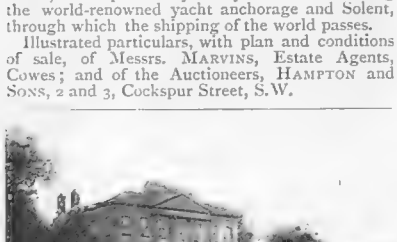
NORRIS CASTLE, COWES.

Occupying a grand situation on very high ground, amid its heavily-timbered park and woodlands, with bold undulations and great natural beauties, sloping to the Solent, to which it has about three-quarters of a mile frontage. The castellated mansion, with its towers and embattlements, presents a perfect replica of a Norman castle, complete in its detail, and was for some time the home of her late Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The accommodation is ample, without being unwieldy; grand old walled gardens, with embattlements and turrets, range of glass-houses, etc.; ample stabling, farmery, bailiff's house, all in character with the castle; boat and bath house, 2 entrance lodges, 4 cottages, etc., the whole extending to about 148 acres of rich park lands and woods. The Norris Castle estate offers a grand opportunity for development into a seaside resort, with practically every house overlooking the world-renowned yacht anchorage and Solent, through which the shipping of the world passes.

Illustrated particulars, with plan and conditions of sale, of Messrs. MARVINS, Estate Agents, Cowes; and of the Auctioneers, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.



LANCASHIRE (very convenient for Manchester or Liverpool).—To be LET, Furnished, with 1,500 acres of good shooting, the above commodious MANSION, in park, containing entrance and inner halls, 3 spacious reception rooms, billiard room, 19 bed and dressing-rooms, and capital offices; extensive pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, greenhouses; stabling for 16 horses, and cottages. The shooting over 1,500 acres includes about 160 acres of cover.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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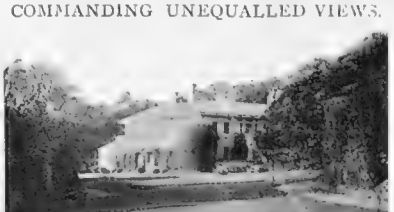

HANTS (near Ventnor, in the most beautiful part of the Island).—For SALE, at a very low figure, a singularly choice and charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, standing high and well sheltered. The Residence, most substantially built of stone, is approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: 4 handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, excellent domestic offices, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water and gas laid on throughout; away from the house is the stabling, approached by separate entrance, and comprising 4 stalls, 2 loose boxes, harness room, standing for 4 carriages, coachman's house, etc. The grounds are one of the special features of the Property, and, although only about 13 acres in extent, are not overlooked, and are so diversified and undulating that there is the appearance and charm of 30 acres, lovely walks for miles through the woods, shrubberies, and by the sea, to which there is extensive frontage, 2 tennis lawns, 2 fine kitchen gardens, range of glasshouses, summer-houses, and about 6 acres of good meadowland. For Sale by private treaty, and if not so disposed will be Sold by Auction during September.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3 Cockspur Street, S.W.

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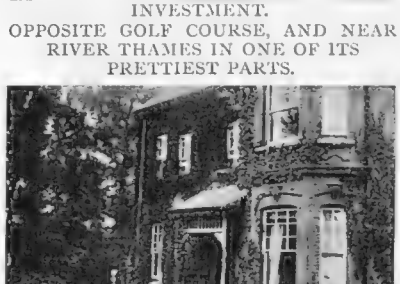
OPPOSITE GOLF COURSE, AND NEAR RIVER THAMES IN ONE OF ITS PRETTIEST PARTS.



STRAWBERRY HILL (convenient for City and West End).—For SALE, a specially well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice, open, and rural position, overlooking private grounds, and containing: 3 reception, billiard, 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom. The charming grounds, of about 2 acres, were laid out by Milner, and include 2 beautiful tennis lawns, etc. Electric light and gas throughout; Doulton's best sanitary appliances; good repair, and House skilfully planned to afford every possible comfort and convenience. Owner would remain as tenant paying 6 per cent. as rent on purchase money. Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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seated high in a finely timbered park and beautiful old grounds, and commanding views of great extent. The Nazeing Golf Course adjoins the park. The fine old house contains: noble porch, large hall, 5 reception, and about 20 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; capital stabling, with coachman's rooms; most productive gardens, with range of glass-houses. The present income from the estate amounts to about £900 per annum. Price moderate.—Sole Agents, Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons, 33, Poultry, E.C.; and HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of these available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected list will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

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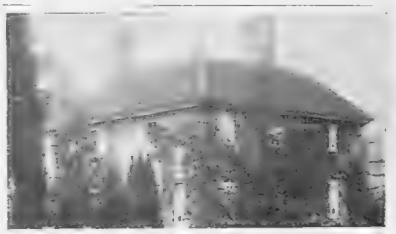

£100 PER ANNUM.

SURREY (Kenley).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming creeper-clad modern RESIDENCE, in an exceedingly beautiful position some 400ft. above sea-level, and standing in its own prettily laid-out, well-wooded grounds of about an acre, with lawns, flower beds, terrace walks, kitchen garden, etc., 2 greenhouses; the accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices. Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,154)

Rent, £90 per annum.

LEICESTERSHIRE (Market Harborough).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in a favourite hunting centre. It contains: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 9 horses; pretty pleasure and flower gardens, walled kitchen garden, orchard and paddock—in all about 4 acres. Hunting 6 days a week.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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ESTATE AGENTS

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1,425.—Beautiful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 3½ acres, with ntleman's House; 3 reception rooms (one . 4in. by 19ft., 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and es; with stabling, coachman's lodge, 2 cottages, l other buildings; long avenue drive, lovely ands, rookery, fine lawn, kitchen garden, ubberies, etc., lovely old timber; sandy soil; ft. up.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King eet, St. James's Street, S.W. Photo.

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£1,850.—In an exceedingly charming part of Sussex, 3½ miles from a main line station and 1½ miles from another. A very well-built RESIDENCE of pleasing elevation and conveniently arranged. Contains: entrance lobby, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, excellent bedrooms, bathroom and linen-room, housemaid's closet; compact and useful outbuildings, stabling, piggeries, cowsheds, etc.; croquet and tennis lawns, orchard, kitchen garden, and excellent pastureland, in all 10 acres, or with acres, £2,500.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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NEAR SEVENOAKS.

£3,000.—In an ideal situation with glorious views; finely timbered grounds and meadows of 10 acres; double hall, drawing and dining rooms, 6 bedrooms, etc.; capable of easy enlargement.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

HAMPSHIRE.

£3,500.—For a capital RESIDENCE and 15 acres. The former contains: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and 2 or 3 reception rooms; stabling for 6; double cottage; pretty pleasure grounds and parkland.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

OXFORDSHIRE.

£3,500 OR CLOSE OFFER. — In a charming part of the county, with lovely old grounds and meadow of 5 acres. Near river and under 2 miles from station. 9 bed and dressing rooms, lounge hall, and 3 reception rooms. Stabling, &c. Might be let.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

HAMPSHIRE.

£4,000.—An old-fashioned and attractive stone-built FARMHOUSE, recently modernised and fitted with modern improvements. In a perfectly rural and quiet position, with 15 acres of land and gardens. The latter are quite a feature of the property, although inexpensive to maintain, and include tennis and other lawns, croquet ground, rosary, walks, kitchen garden, orchard, and rich paddock. Contains: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, 9 bed and dressing rooms, etc. Stabling and cottage. Gravel and sand.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

KENT.

£4,750.—NEAR SEVENOAKS, a gentleman's RESIDENCE, surrounded by well-matured pleasure grounds of 2 acres, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and 2 box-rooms; stabling, motor-house, and cottage.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

AUCTIONEERS

66½ ACRES, 5 BED ROOMS, 5 STALLS.

SUSSEX (delightfully situate 1½ miles from village and station).—To be SOLD, a Pleasure and Sporting ESTATE, standing on high ground (sand-rock), and commanding views of great variety and extent. There is a capital entrance lodge, and the residence, well built of brick and tiled, is reached by a beautiful carriage drive, and contains: 5 bedrooms, bathroom, pretty entrance hall, drawing room facing South, well-proportioned dining room, a large kitchen, &c., model farm buildings, coach-house, four-stall stable, coachman's rooms, sheds, cowhouses, &c. Pleasure garden and kitchen garden, lawn. The estate is beautifully timbered, and a stream runs through it. The Southdown foxhounds hunt the neighbourhood. — OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED

WANTED TO BUY, an Elizabethan or Georgian HOUSE, with about 20 acres. High situation, with good views; 9 to 12 bedrooms; about two hours from London, not G.E. Ry., or on clay or chalk. Price £4,000 to £6,000.—Particulars to H., c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO PURCHASE, a small Country PROPERTY, comprising Residence, with 8 bedrooms, and from 5 to 20 acres. Late train once a week. Price, £3,000 to £5,000.—"J.," c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED to PURCHASE on the G.W. Ry., in a high position, and preferably in Gloucestershire, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, containing 16 to 18 bedrooms, surrounded by small park of 30 to 50 acres. About £12,000 will be given. — Replies to Sir Frederick, c/o OWEN WALLIS, 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED to RENT, Unfurnished, within a 10-mile radius of Winchester (preferred), a good country RESIDENCE, containing at least 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 or 4 sitting rooms, stabling and matured garden. Rent not to exceed £250 per annum.—Letters to C. G., c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

Offices: 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

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KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

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MAIDSTONE DISTRICT.—To be LET or SOLD. Picturesque RESIDENCE in a fine position, commanding good views and approached by a long avenue carriage drive: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, boudoir, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; well-matured and tastefully laid out pleasure gardens, avenue of chestnuts, tennis lawn, 18 acres in all. Rent, £255 p.a. Price on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,605)

450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. NEAR WARLINGHAM, SURREY.

FOR SALE, below cost, this picturesque RESIDENCE, with beautifully laid out grounds of 3 acres, including tennis lawn: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, and 2 bathrooms. Close to golf links. Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,560)

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE. Rural district.—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

IN A HIGH-CLASS SPORTING DISTRICT.

40 minutes from King's Cross.

FOR SALE, a picturesque Sixteenth Century GUILD HOUSE, recently modernised, in beautiful old grounds, including lawns, rockeries, conservatory, with fernery, glasshouses, etc. House contains: 5 reception, billiard, 16 bed and dressing, bath. Old oak panelling. Hiding place. Minstrels' Gallery. Gas and water laid on. Drainage perfect. Excellent stabling.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,525)

SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE.

2 miles from a main line station. 70 minutes from town.

TO BE SOLD, this charming RESIDENCE, containing: 4 reception, 8 bed, bath, conservatory, etc., and approached through a long avenue of trees. High situation. Gravel soil. Stabling and farm buildings. Orchard and grounds, pasture and arable, in all 75 acres, lying in a ring fence and intersected by a stream. Price, £4,200.—KNIGHT, FRANK, and RUTLEY. (2,604)

OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

SOMERSET.—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer or longer, an old gabled Elizabethan MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order. 6 reception and 13 bedrooms. Walled garden. Good stabling.—Rent and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK, and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 549)

OLD-FASHIONED CREEPER-CLAD RESIDENCE to be LET or SOLD. In an ancient village in the Thames Valley and one of the best parts for boating: 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing; stabling for 4; 7 acres of grounds in perfect order; flower garden, with choicest rose-trees, magnificent lawns, orchard, etc.; hunting. Price, £4,000. Rent, £140.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,414)

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE a small PROPERTY in Sussex (favourite Heathfield district), including modern Residence, with 3 reception and 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.); stabling, buildings, glasshouses, and 7½ acres of land. Would be LET.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,588)

SALE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY Will SELL by AUCTION, At the Conduit Street Auction Galleries, On the 27th and 28th July, The Valuable Contents of No. 13, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, removed to the Galleries following on the sale of the house, and comprising:

OLD FRENCH FURNITURE.

BEAUVAIS TAPESTRIES.

A costly 7⅞-octave Grand Pianoforte by Bechstein. Pictures, including a notable work by Ferdinand Roybet, two important works by Charles Laudelle, an ideal portrait by Henner, and examples of M. L. Waller, Albert Lynch, H. Rondel, E. Renard, and others.

Two beautiful marble statues, decorative objects, the complete mahogany appointments for the dining-room in the style of Chippendale, carpets and curtains; also by order of Executors (other properties), old Irish silver, antique lace, furniture, and miscellanea.

Executors, Solicitors, and Owners should note that these Galleries are open daily to receive jewels, plate, furniture, and valuables intended for early sales.

Valuations for Estate Duty and division undertaken at short notice in all parts of the kingdom.

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM DISTRICT.—Very fine old-fashioned red-brick RESIDENCE, with 4 reception, 13 bed, bath (h. and c.). Electric light. Stabling. Pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens. Cottages. Model farmery. All in thorough order; 170 acres freehold land. To be sold at a fraction of cost for £7,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK, and RUTLEY. (2,601)

ELECTRIC LIGHT. PICTURE GALLERY. LOUNGE HALL.

NORFOLK (Broads).—To be LET, Furnished, or might be SOLD, a magnificent RESIDENCE, built regardless of cost, and containing one of the choicest collections of genuine antique furniture and works of art in existence. The House contains: lounge hall, 31ft. by 25ft., dining room, drawing room, library, study, picture gallery, and 14 bedrooms, and is in the most perfect order throughout, and fitted with every imaginable convenience. There is extensive stabling, and pretty gardens and grounds of about 9 acres.—Photographs and plans of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK, and RUTLEY, as below. (2,305)

A COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN S. DEVON, NEAR CATHEDRAL TOWN.

FOR SALE, HOUSE, containing: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing, bath (h. and c.). The grounds comprise lawns, flower gardens, orchard, and grass land of over 12 acres. Stabling and outbuildings. Company's water. Acetylene gas installation. Price, £4,600. Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK, and RUTLEY. (2,564)

In the favourite pine and heather district of Woking, noted for its healthiness.

UNDER ONE HOUR OF LONDON, this well-built RESIDENCE, fitted with every modern convenience, and finished in a superior and artistic manner; panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling or motor house would be erected; well-wooded grounds of 3½ acres (up to 15 acres available); golf links. Price, £7,500, or would be Let.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,533)

ONE HOUR OF CITY.—Lovely district.—Pretty COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with ornamental grounds and paddock of 10 acres; entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed, bath; excellent stabling, with clock tower; expensively fitted throughout. To be SOLD for £2,750, only fraction of cost.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,483)

In the favourite Hayward's Heath District.

A RESIDENCE, situate in a sheltered position, with south aspect, and beautiful views to the South Downs, and approached by a carriage drive, with entrance lodge; 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath; stabling; pretty and secluded pleasure grounds, glass-houses, meadows, and fish pond—in all 12 acres. Price £6,500. Rent £250 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,401)

OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE SEVERN

3½ HOURS OF LONDON

FOR SALE, owing to special circumstances, at a fraction of cost, this magnificent RESIDENCE, in a most charming and healthy position, and commanding lovely and extensive views; 6 reception, billiard, 18 bed and dressing rooms. Gas and water laid on. Stabling for 7. Cottage. Inexpensive grounds of 2½ acres, but extra land up to 63 acres could be arranged for. Anchorage for yachts. Shooting. Hunting with 3 packs.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,719)

GOOD HUNTING DISTRICT.

12 miles from Bath.

GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high in beautiful grounds of 3 acres. 4 reception and 8 bedrooms; conservatory; pretty verandah; stabling for 10. Trout fishing and shooting. Quarter mile from a station. Price, £2,900. Rent, £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,562)

£1,650 for the above attractive RESIDENCE, Essex and Herts borders, close to a station. The house stands high, approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and offices. Well-matured grounds of 1½ acres; Company's water.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,564)

GOOD HUNTING COUNTRY, ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, a HOUSE, with 3 reception, 16 bed and dressing, bath; gas and water; extensive stabling; coachman's cottage; well-matured grounds, tastefully laid out in terraces, and containing some noble specimens of cedars; conservatory; nearly 4 acres; would also be LET Unfurnished. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,397)

CLIVEDEN REACH (two miles from Taplow and Maidenhead Stations, above flood level, with lovely rural aspect).—To be LET, Unfurnished, pretty RIVER COTTAGE; 2 reception, 6 bed, bath; tastefully decorated. Rent, £60 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

NEAR LEATHERHEAD.—To be LET, Furnished, for August only, a beautiful modern HOUSE, with 6 reception rooms, 20 bedrooms, and delightful grounds of 10 acres. Rent, 30 guineas per week.—Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 550)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

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MESSRS. WALTON & LEE.

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MIDLAND MAIN LINE.

THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE MANSION, situate in a favourite district within about seventy minutes by rail of London, and encircled by superb grounds and finely timbered park, the whole extending to upwards of 100 acres, will be SOLD by auction at the Mart, on July 27, unless previously disposed of privately.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,444)

ALMOST UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE on the Sussex coast with magnificently timbered grounds, leading to the sea shore and commanding grand views of the Channel; to be SOLD at moderate price. It contains: 12 bedrooms and large reception rooms, stabling for 4, cottage; near favourite seaside town, easy drive of Goodwood. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,030)

SURREY HILLS (near Oxted and Limpsfield Golf Club).—Artistic red brick RESIDENCE for SALE, at moderate price; 6½ acres of perfectly secluded grounds, modern stabling, and every convenience; fine billiard room, large and lofty reception and 12 bedrooms; perfect sanitation and water supply. Strongly recommended.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,135)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS, commanding magnificent panoramic views 5 miles in extent.—To be SOLD, unusually attractive HOUSE, built for owner's own occupation, in perfect order: stabling, tennis lawn, pleasure and kitchen gardens, 8 bedrooms, bath, large reception rooms, a mile from station, 40 minutes from London, gravel soil. Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,445)

IDEAL RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

BANKS OF THE THAMES, to be SOLD, Freehold, the charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE, depicted above, occupying one of the choicest positions, with lawn to river: large hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, stabling, and launch house.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,419)

£5,000 only for a compact RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 424 acres on the borders of Hants and Wilts. Medium-sized residence, with stabling, attractive grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, excellent farm buildings, bailiff's house, and 8 cottages. Capital partridge shooting (extra can be hired). Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,367)

CHELMSFORD and INGATESTONE (between).—Charming old-world RESIDENCE and 10 Acres, for SALE at moderate price; 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, hall with fireplace; stabling, farmery, 4 cottages, and delightfully timbered and secluded grounds, glasshouses, and paddocks; 2 miles from station; excellent hunting district; daily reach of town.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,824)

AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.—£3,150 only for a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, of medium size, and 72 acres (37 grass), in a pretty district, under 50 miles from London, a mile from station; stabling, farm buildings, pleasure and kitchen gardens; good partridge shooting, fishing, and hunting; gravel soil.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,432)

ONE OF THE FINEST SPORTING ESTATES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

6,000 ACRES (nearly) of very fine covert and open ground SHOOTING to be LET, with Furnished MANSION, situate within 2½ miles from a station, about three hours by rail from London, on the borders of Hants and Wilts.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,213)

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

THE above lovely home in Sussex for SALE, comprising an exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE of medium size, on high ground, commanding beautiful views, with about 130 or more acres. Fishing and hunting. Inspected and recommended. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,202)

MARKET HARBOROUGH and KETTERING (between), in the cream of the Pytchley country. Price £2,200, for an unusually attractive old-fashioned country house: containing 8 bed, 3 reception rooms, and usual offices, well-matured pleasure grounds with fine timber, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens, stabling for 6 horses, useful outbuildings, and prolific pasture; in all over 9 acres. Near church and village; 3¾ miles from station.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,567)

UNIQUE YACHTING FACILITIES.—Capital Family RESIDENCE, to be LET Unfurnished, situated in one of the finest positions on the shores of the Solent, opposite Cowes. It stands well above the sea, with delightful gardens extending to the seashore, about 35 acres in all; spacious hall, 5 reception, 18 bedrooms; lodge entrance, stabling for 8, and 3 cottages; view tower in grounds.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,297)

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SPORTING PROPERTY.

"EASTON HALL," Grantham.—This well-known COUNTRY SEAT, handsomely furnished. To be LET with 7,000 acres of excellent mixed shooting and capital trout fishing. Hunting with the BELVOIR and COTTESMORE Hounds. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended. (19,221)

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Charming Residential ESTATE of 25 acres, with small RESIDENCE, pretty garden, and finely timbered park-like meadowland, for SALE, freehold. Stabling for 4, farmery and 2 cottages; close to station, within about an hour's rail of Town.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

NORFOLK COAST, near Cromer, with private grounds, leading to the beach.—To be LET, furnished for the summer, charming HOUSE, containing: 19 bedrooms, large reception rooms; stabling. Glorious views of the German Ocean. Moderate rent.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,795)

BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, an exact replica of an old Hampshire MANOR HOUSE, with charming grounds of 30 acres, beautifully situate, 400 feet above sea, grand views: 15 bed and dressing, oak panelled hall and reception rooms; stabling; quaint gatehouse and archway. A mile from main line station. Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,288)

£2,250 will purchase a compact little PROPERTY in a first-rate social and sporting district in the Midlands, near good town with fine train service; all in perfect order; 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, good gardens and paddocks. Should be seen at once.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,510)

£2,450 WILL PURCHASE a capital medium-sized HOUSE and 25 acres; delightfully situated near Tunbridge Wells; pleasure and kitchen gardens, farmery and stabling.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,866)

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

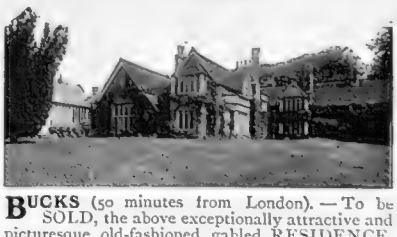
CUMBERLAND.—To be SOLD, a sound Agricultural and Sporting ESTATE, of upwards of 1,000 acres, lying compactly in a ring fence. It is well wooded, bounded by county roads, intersected by a stream, and divided into suitable holdings, all let, and producing about £900 per annum.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (16,093)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.

10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cottages, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen-gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CONISTON.—Compact small SPORTING ESTATE, for SALE, with 2 miles of frontage to the Lake, and adjoining an extensive common, over which there are valuable sporting and pasturage rights; capital pheasant, partridge, grouse, woodcock and other shooting; good fishing in the Lake; some excellent sites for a residence; unrivalled scenery. Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,530)

REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive modern-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; all pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession: price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,394)



BUCKS (50 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally attractive and picturesque old-fashioned gabled RESIDENCE, with quaint gatehouse and archway, standing nearly 300 feet above sea, on the outskirts of the favourite town of Aylesbury; 11 bed and dressing rooms, oak panelled reception rooms, conservatories, and ample offices; water and gas laid on, modern drainage, and secluded grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen-garden, glasshouses, rich pasture land, and ornamental plantation; in all about 6 acres.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

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MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
"VERONIQUE."
MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. TO-NIGHT, at 8 (Doors open 7.40).
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MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.0. Doors open 1.40.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume II. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing *1d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

"PAGAN LONDON,"

BY

Marie Corelli.

Reprinted from THE BYSTANDER

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special eye powder; and there is also a lotion for dropping into the eyes, which clears away at once any discoloured appearance of the whites, and renders them the beautiful blue white of childhood. And for one and all is there given a guarantee of purity and complete absence of poison.

The Eastern oil destined to feed and make good deficiencies of nature would have sufficed of itself to send Mrs. Adair's name down to posterity, while her "Diable" tonic, that, for all ordinary cleansing purposes, takes the place of water, is equally without a rival.

Especially for motorists is there a new electrical lotion, which serves most effectually to preserve the skin from atmospheric contamination, and Mrs. Adair, furthermore, from out her great experience—a personal experience, be it said—of tropical climates, advises an application of neige cream. But her working throughout is based on Nature's theories.

An Important Factor

On her Ganesh chin strap Mrs. Adair sets great store, and has endless testimonials vouching for its worth. And yet it is so simple—merely a light pink ventilated silk elastic, which goes over and under the chin, and hooks on top of the head, for wear during the night, when the muscles are relaxed. Or the strap is an excellent support for those who write much or spend any appreciable number of hours with the head bent downwards. There is also a forehead strap, that removes in quite miraculous fashion the deep lines between the brows and over the forehead, mostly the result of that daily worry or anxiety from which only the very few are exempt.

But, really, when we come to consider seriously, far more convincing than any words of ours is a book compiled—in fact, chiefly written—by Mrs. Adair herself, entitled "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form." It overflows with truth and commonsense advice, not only on the care of the face, but on physical culture, and the general care of the body.

Foreign Seaside Resorts

From over the water there have been floated to us enchanting whispers of the good times likely to prevail at Trouville, Dieppe, and even poor denuded Ostend. Every year the facilities become greater for stepping across the Channel, and securing what is really as beneficial as the actual change of air, a complete change of food and mode of existence. The initial trouble where fair femininity is concerned has to do with clothes, and we are not prepared to deny for a moment but that the demands are distinctly greater than at an English resort.

It is possible, however, to work out a quite respectable sartorial salvation, with a neat tailor suit in a light striped flannel, a couple of muslins, two white embroidered linen frocks, and two simpler cottons, together with two convertible evening dresses, the one black and the other some pale coloured crêpe de Chine, or tiny checked taffeta mousseline.

Hats, by reason of their dimensions, just now are serious items in the packing question. But here

A Summer Hat of "Paille de riz" wreathed with Water Lilies

millinerial ingenuity steps in with the suggestive offering of adjustable trimmings. Nothing, for instance, is simpler to fix with three or four safety pins than the fashionable ruches, or the prevailing garniture of flowers and foliage, or garnitures of ribbon held either side by floral trophies while the saving clause of strings has literally no end to the removable opportunities.

From Paris

Which reminds us that our French artist has included among her pictorial gifts this week a *ravissante* little chapeau, of *paille de riz*, the low crown wreathed with water lilies, partially veiled in clouds of eau de Nil tulle. The smart forward tilt, we are sure, will be noted significantly as the result of a high *bandeau*.

Much notable originality, too, is vested in the smart "Plage" costume, of white linen, hand-embroidered with that heavy raised Swiss work, the long pointed basqued coat opening upon a blouse of white silk mousseline; the becoming hat of white bass straw carrying the sole note of colour relief in shaded mauve and green grapes, with attendant foliage. A diaphanous veil of white tulle, chenille spotted, is thrown with delightful grace over the whole confection.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOVELS

"A Modern Journal by Greville Minor." Edited by J. A. Spender. (Methuen.) 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

"The Marvellous Experience of John Rydall." By Edward Scott. (Brown, Langham and Co.) 6*s.*

"The Making of a Man." By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Brown, Langham and Co.) 6*s.*

"The Rival Millionaires," By Lewin Fitzroy Lamon. (Ward Lock and Co.) 6*s.*

"The City of Mystery." By Archibald C. Gunter. (Ward Lock.) 6*s.*

"A Man Adrift." By Bart Kennedy. (Greening and Co.) Sixpence.

"A Man of the Moors." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Newnes.) Sixpence.

"Cedric Sleep." By Alec Cooke. (Scott Publishing Company.) 6*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS

"Poems." By Joseph C. Todd. (Simpkin Marshall.) 3*s.* 6*d*

"Belgian Life in Town and Country." (Newnes.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

"Chantrey and His Bequest." An Illustrated Record of the Purchases of the Trustees. (Cassell and Co.) 1*s.* net.

"Motors." The Badminton Library. (Longmans.) 9*s.* net.

Guide to Hampshire. Full of Maps, Plans, and Routes. (A. and C. Black.) 2*s.* 6*d.*

Guide to Ireland. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. (A. and C. Black.) 1*s.*

The Menu

DAINTY DISHES FOR SUMMER WEATHER

In the hot weather, nature requires a change of food, and summer dishes should be light, tasty, and yet nourishing. Meat is not so necessary, and should be partaken of sparingly, and plenty of fresh vegetables, stewed fruits, and salads should be served in the daily menu.

PURÉE OF BROAD BEANS

Put 1 quart of shelled broad beans in a pan of fast-boiling salted water. Boil about thirty minutes. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a saucepan, add two small onions thinly sliced. Remove the outer skins from the beans and add the insides to the butter and onions. Stir over the fire for five minutes, add the stock. Boil until the onion is soft. Wash a handful each of spinach and parsley and cook in boiling water until tender. Drain, and rub through a hair sieve. Add the pulp to the soup to make it a good green. When the onion is soft, rub all the soup through a hair or iron sieve, season and serve. If too thin, thicken with a little cornflour thinly mixed with cold milk, taking care to reboil it afterwards.

PRAWN CURRY

Take 4 oz. of butter, put it into a saucepan, and slice into it two onions. Fry them till brown, over a slow fire, then remove the onions into another dish. Have the prawns picked, and rub one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder over them, and put them into the melted butter, and stew over a slow fire until the meat becomes a light brown. Add as much stock or gravy as will cover the prawns; season with a little salt, then stew over a slow fire, and when the gravy has become thick, add a coffee-cupful of cocoanut milk or cream and the juice of a lemon. Mix the whole together, and serve hot with boiled rice. A dessert-spoonful of sweet chutney is an improvement.

CASSEROLE OF FISH

Take some small fillets of sole and roll them up. Place them in an earthenware casserole dish with some sliced potatoes (par-boiled), tomatoes, peppercorns, and a small onion, salt them, and cover with stock; place in a moderate oven for half an hour, remove the gravy, strain, and thicken with cornflour and a little cream, and add half a wineglassful of sherry. Return to the oven for ten minutes and serve in the casserole dish.

SPAGHETTI A L'ITALIENNE

Cook 3 oz. of spaghetti in boiling salted water until it is tender; drain it well and put it into a hot saucepan with 1 oz. of butter cut into pieces. Season it with salt and black pepper, and scatter in 3 oz. of grated cheese; turn the spaghetti lightly and quickly with a fork until the cheese melts; then stir in sufficient tomato sauce to moisten it, and, when this is well mixed and hot, serve at once.

CHAUDFROID OF CHICKEN

Put ½ pint of white sauce into a stewpan to boil, and stir well with a wooden spoon till the sauce is reduced to 1 gill; add 1 gill of cream, and stir again till it just boils, then pass the contents through the sieve; next stir into it two tablespoonfuls of aspic jelly. Now take a cold roast chicken, and cut it up the same way as for carving, taking care that the pieces are all one size; remove the skin, and neatly trim each piece. Take these pieces of chicken and dip them in the sauce, covering them well over. Place these pieces on a drainer, and let them remain till the sauce is set over each piece. Chop some aspic very fine, lay it in a circle round the dish, and arrange the pieces of chicken on it. The centre should be filled in with mixed vegetables, all mixed together with two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise sauce.

STUFFED EGGS A LA PROVENCALE

Take four hard-boiled eggs, shell them, and cut them in half long ways, remove the yolks, and put them into a mortar with three anchovies boned, 2 oz. of watercress, some butter, 1 teaspoonful of essence of anchovy, and a grain of cayenne. Pound all these ingredients well together, after which rub them through a wire sieve. Fill the whites with this mixture; make small handles of parsley stalks across the top. Dish up on shredded lettuce, with the remainder of the mixture in the centre, and a little mayonnaise sauce poured over.

FRUIT SALAD

Take equal quantities of strawberries, red currants, black currants, and very ripe cherries or gooseberries. Remove the stalks and take the stones from the cherries; put in a large bowl or dish; cover thickly with sifted white sugar. Leave it twenty-four hours; then toss lightly, till all the sugar is dissolved. This is an excellent way of using strawberries which will not keep till the next day.

SYRUP FOR FRUIT

Put 3 lb. white lump sugar in a preserving pan; add to it 1 quart of water, whisked up with half the white of an egg; allow the sugar to dissolve, stirring it up; then put the pan on the fire, and stir till it boils. Put it on the side of the fire, and as it boils, add at different times another pint of cold water. This will make the egg come to the top, and after a minute or two boiling, the syrup will become quite clear and bright; strain it through muslin for use. If not all wanted at once, put it by in a wine bottle, and cork it tight.

Summer Drinks

CLARET CUP.—A bottle of light claret, a small quantity of powdered lump sugar, the rind of a lemon, cut very thin, a sprig of borage, or a few thin peelings of cucumber rind, a small glass curacoa, or brandy, two bottles of iced seltzer water. Let it stand for an hour, strain, and add ice before serving.

CIDER CUP.—A quart of cider, and a bottle of seltzer water, one wineglass of sherry, a liqueur glass of brandy, the rind of half a lemon, castor sugar, two slices of lemon, borage, or cucumber rind. Ice well before serving, and do not strain.

LEMONADE (1).—Put the thin rind of two lemons in a jug, pour a quart of boiling water over them, add castor sugar to taste, and keep the jug covered till the contents are quite cold, strain through a fine cloth, add the strained juice of three lemons.

LEMONADE (2).—Put 2 lb. of castor sugar into 2 quarts of water that has been boiled, add to this the juice of eight lemons. When the sugar is melted, strain through fine muslin and serve.

EMILIA.

JAPON

日本書翰箋

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SHREWSBURY: A LOVELY OLD BORDER TOWN

Holiday Resort Supplement, No. IV.

In these days, when so many of us like to spend our holidays on the open road, we are at last beginning to understand our own country's capacity for entertaining us. Yet, so deeply ingrained in us is the tradition that picturesque architecture exists only across the Channel, that we find it impossible to admire a row of timbered houses without exclaiming, with an air of saying the right thing, "Why, it's just like some old foreign town, isn't it?"

There are few places in England which have so much of this so-called foreign air as Shrewsbury, the lovely old border town which the Britons built on the banks of the tortuous Severn as a defence against the Saxons.

Of course, Pengwerne, or Shobbesberig, was fortified from the very first; and when William the Conqueror gave Shrewsbury, with several other places, to his cousin, Sir Roger de Montgomery, that energetic knight lost no time in developing the defences of the town. A fortress, in those days, was the first necessary of life. So Earl Roger, as he became, enlarged the existing Saxon castle into a very fine stronghold of red sandstone, commanding the Severn and the town.

From the Castle it is only a few minutes' walk to the beautiful old timbered house beside the Severn which was the birthplace of Admiral Benbow. From this house he ran away to sea when he was quite a lad, and he was seldom seen in Shrewsbury afterwards. He seems, however, to have kept an affectionate memory of the place, as his name is in the list of subscribers to the bells of St. Mary's Church. Close to his home another notable man was born—Dr. Burney, the friend of Johnson and the father of Fanny Burney, afterwards Madame d'Arblay, who wrote "Evelina."

Still nearer to the Castle gateway is another of those delightful black and white houses, still common in Shrewsbury. This is a gatehouse of 1620, with the beams on the inner side elaborately carved in a design of grapes and leaves. The red brick building within the court is known as the Council House, for it was built in 1502 as a meeting-place for the lords and the marches of Wales.

Charles I. was entertained here for some time, with his eldest son, while he repaired the fortifications, and found material for his mint in the plate-chests of the neighbourhood.

The Abbey church is all that is left now of the once important monastery. It is built of red sandstone, and is a memorial of the piety of that exceedingly impious man, Earl Roger de Montgomery, whose mailed effigy lies upon his tomb in the south aisle.

To return to the town, we must re-cross the English Bridge—one of the few beautiful products of the eighteenth century—and then climb the Wyle Cop, which leads to the High Street, at the further end of which is a lovely group of black and white houses, and, to the left, the Market Square, in which is the

Photo by *Stawell*

View of Shrewsbury, showing the English Bridge and the Abbey (on the left)

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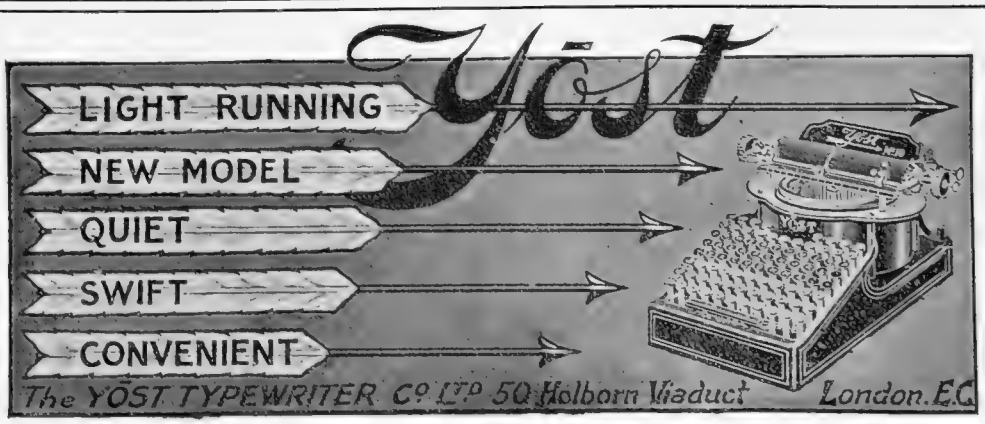

Midland Depot: 73, Temple Row, Birmingham.

The Wyle Cop, with Henry VII.'s House (on the right)

old stone corn market of 1596. It is only a stone's throw from the market-house to the quaint little passage—called in Shrewsbury a *shut*—which contains the time-worn fragments of the old mint. Even in the days of Athelstane, Shrewsbury was important enough to have a mint of its own, and the practice of coining was continued there from that date till the time of Henry III. Shrewsbury has charms for the artist and the historian alike, while the special holiday service of trains run by the Great Western Railway renders it very accessible during the present season of the year.

Photos by] The Gateway of Shrewsbury Castle [*Bartlett*

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The world of musical and dramatic art has always found a *pied-à-terre* at the Savoy Hotel, in the beautiful suites overlooking the Embankment Gardens and the river. Rarely is the hotel without some celebrity within its walls. The visits of such renowned persons are sometimes characterised by unusual features, such as when Madame Sarah Bernhardt used to travel with a coffin, and at other times with a baby tiger, much to the embarrassment of the hotel manager. The boy violinist, Vecsey, who, at the age of eleven, has taken London by storm, has just left the Savoy Hotel, where he was staying with his father and mother and Impresario Grosz, for the Continent, after a most successful visit. The corridors of the hotel were blocked with floral tributes to the youthful musician, which were laid at his feet in such a wealth of beauty by his admirers. Other celebrities who make the Savoy their home when in town are M. Coquelin, Signora Duse, and Madame Melba.

Where are you going for the August Holidays?

To ensure a delightful time you cannot do better than try the London and South-Western Railway, which presents a splendid choice to the holiday-maker, of seaside and inland resorts, all within easy reach of London. Fast excursions at convenient times and for various periods will leave Waterloo and certain suburban stations for the principal places in the West of England, Somerset, Dorset, Wilts, Hants, the Isle of Wight, etc.

Combined rail and sea trips have also been arranged *viâ* Southampton to the Channel Islands, and the French Coast for Paris, picturesque Normandy, Brittany, etc., from Waterloo, the tickets being available for fourteen days or less. Full particulars as to dates, times, fares, etc., are given in a compact little programme, fully indexed, which can be obtained, together with "free" copy of Illustrated Guide, List of Seaside and Country Apartments, Lodgings, etc., at any of the Company's London Offices, or send postcard to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

Tickets can be obtained beforehand at any of the Company's London Offices and Agencies, the addresses of which will be found on the back page of the programme.

A Rumour Denied

The Secretary of the London Exhibitions, Ltd., has sent us a denial of the rumour which has been persistently circulated about London that this is the last year during which an Exhibition will be held at Earl's Court. More recently, he says, this has been supplemented by a statement that the business of Earl's Court was to be transferred to Shepherd's Bush. No credence whatever should be given to these statements, which are entirely without foundation.

The Guildhall School of Music

At the recital given recently by the pupils of Mr. L. F. Chapuy, at the Guildhall School of Music, one of the most successful performances was that of Miss Gertrude Shill, in the title-rôle of *The Little Treasure*, by the late Sir Augustus Harris.

TO COLLECTORS OF PICTURE POST-CARDS

Picture Post-Cards with a replica of THE BYSTANDER cover in colours will be forwarded by the Editor on receipt of one halfpenny to defray postage

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.

PANHARD, 10 h.-p., new 1903, Brougham Top and glass front, lined box cloth, body cost about £150; owing to owner's ill-health this car has only been run about 50 miles. Can be seen anywhere near London.—G.W., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap.—View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

HUMBERETTE, Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120.—Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

12 h.p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

12 h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc.; £225 cash.—The Limes, Frindsbury, Rochester.

RENAULT Motor-car, 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.

"PRESCOTT" Steam Car, seats 2 or 4, Victoria hood, condenser; splendid running car. Practically new. Selling through illness. Cheap to immediate purchaser.—Bezant, 12, Victoria Terrace, Leamington-Spa.

DAIMLER, 23 b.h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Tonneau Motor Cars, made by Motor Manufacturing Co., Coventry, for immediate disposal; a bargain; any trial inspection invited, and no reasonable offer refused. Owner going abroad.—Address, B., 12, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common.

12-16 h.-p. two-cylinder Darracq, very fast and powerful, in splendid condition, upholstered leather, roomy tonneau, painted dark blue; any trial; price £180.—Armitage, 91, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.

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Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—JULY 27, 1901
Entered as second-class matter at New York (N. Y.) Post Office